Subhashitavali

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PENGUIN CLASSICS

Subhashitavali

An Anthology of Comic, Erotic and Other Verse

Penguin

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED FROM

THE SANSKRIT BY

A.N.D. HAKSAR

SUBHĀSHITĀVALI

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SUBHĀSHITĀVALI

Aditya Narayan Dhairyasheel Haksar was born in Gwalior and educated at the Doon School and the universities of Allahabad and Oxford. A well-known translator of Sanskrit classics, he has also had a distinguished career as a diplomat, serving as Indian high commissioner to Kenya and the Seychelles, minister to the United States, and ambassador to Portugal and Yugoslavia.

His translations from the Sanskrit include *Hitopadeśa* and *Simhāsana Dvātriṃśikā*, both published as Penguin Classics, *Jatakamala* (with a foreword by the Dalai Lama) published by HarperCollins India, and the rst-ever rendition of *Madhavanala Katha*, published by Roli Books as *Madhav and Kama*. He has also compiled *A Treasury of Sanskrit Poetry*, which was commissioned by the Indian Council for Cultural Relations.

P. M. S.

For Sharada, Vikram and Annika with love

Introduction

The Sanskrit word *subhāshita* can be translated literally as

'well said'. It is often used for an epigrammatic stanza, the meaning or mood of which is complete in itself. Such a verse, also known as *muktaka*, could be an independent composition or part of a larger work. Its themes had a large variety, but its form was a constant two metric lines of equal weight, sometimes presented in four sections because of their length. At its best it combined brevity with a felicitous compression of thought or emotion. Many such verses passed into literature as maxims, proverbs or just memorable, quotable poetry.

Subhāshita verses are a characteristic and popular feature of classical Sanskrit literature. A recognized art form, they occur in the great epics, as a part of longer poems, and in plays and prose works. Much esteemed in cultured intercourse, they lent themselves to collection in anthologies. A number of these, compiled in various parts of the country during the last one thousand years, are extant. 1

Prominent among them is *Subhāshitāvali*, or a circlet of well-said verses, from which a selection is presented here in translation.

The contents of some *subhāshita* compilations are con ned to a single theme or attributed to a single author.2 Others bring

together verses by numerous authors on a wide range of subjects. 3 *Subhāshitāvali* is of the second type. It is a collection of 3527 verse epigrams, grouped under 101

subject headings, and ascribed by name to 362 poets, apart from the many which are anonymous.

Academic opinion dates *Subhāshitāvali* to c. fteenth century CE.4 Its compiler was Vallabhadeva, who is

described in some texts as a *kāshmīraka*, a person from Kashmir. 5 Little else is known about him but the anthology's Kashmiri connection is also evident from a number of authors and verses that feature in it. The former are noted in the appended list of poets and some of the verses, such as vv. 118, 243, 332 and 452, are included in the present selection. The subject of one (v. 425) is clearly Sultan Zainu'l Abidin (1420–1470), 6 a famous ruler of Kashmir who is known to have patronized Sanskrit letters. Thus, apart from the literary wealth of its contents, the compilation is also a pointer to the prevalence and extent of Sanskrit learning in medieval Kashmir.

The *Subhāshitāvali* verses span a period of at least 1500 years preceding the time of its compilation. Those extracted from the epics — *Mahābhārata* and *Rāmāyana*— are probably much older. The variety is immense. The anthology begins and ends on a devout note of divine invocations. In between, there are re ections on poets and poetry, on virtue and wickedness, nobility and meanness. There are numerous allegorical epigrams and verses on nature. Not unexpected, there is a rich collection of erotic poetry on all aspects of love, symbolic and actual, emotional as well as physical.

This is followed by heroic, humorous and satiric verses, panegyrics and pen-pictures, and sage observations on worldly conduct. Finally there are musings on the human condition, on its transience and insigni cance, and on moral duty and renunciation.

The tone of these epigrams ranges from the pious to the profane, the lyrical to the sententious, the earnest to the cynical, the elegant to the somewhat coarse. Some are drawn from famous works; others are known only from their presence in this collection. The authors, likewise, include celebrated poets like Vālmiki and Vyāsa, Kālidāsa and Bāṇa, as well as many who are no more than names.

In modern times, a manuscript of *Subhāshitāvali* was located by the British scholar Peter Peterson with Pandit Durga Prasad of Jaipur, who had

studied it in Kashmir.

Collating it with other manuscripts from the same land and elsewhere, Peterson edited and published the anthology's Sanskrit text in 1886 at Mumbai. Still the only critical recension in existence, it was reprinted in 1961 by the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute of Pune, and forms the basis for the present translation.

Though reputed in academic circles, *Subhāshitāvali* is little known to general readership. According to available records, it has never been translated into English, except for a few stanzas from its corpus included in some histories of Sanskrit literature or in some selections of Sanskrit poetry.7 Thus its

treasure of epigrams remains largely inaccessible to modern readers. The present work attempts to ameliorate this situation by providing a representative sampling in contemporary English from the anthology's poetic cornucopia.

The selection presented here consists of 600 verses, or just under a fth of the original. This size seemed optimal for publication, but some mention of the criteria of selection would still be appropriate. Within the limits of space, choice was based mainly on the consideration that translations of poetry should as far as possible be readable on their own, without requiring supplementary explanations about their intent and context. Thus, verses which rely for their impact on Sanskrit gures of speech and linguistic devices like paranomasia and alliteration, and others of the type *vakrokti* or oblique language, based on multiple meanings of words or suggestions, were largely left out. 8 So too were most verses with mythological or other esoteric allusions which may be unfamiliar to the general reader. Some incomplete or unclear verses in the text were also excluded.

As for the actual selection, the e ort was to make it representative of the original anthology as a whole by drawing verses from all its subject headings. Quality, translatability and, in some cases, historical interest were other considerations in choosing individual stanzas for translation. Additional attention was given to the *hāsya* section of the original, which

deals with humour and satire, as there are few English translations of this genre of Sanskrit verse.

The verses selected have been grouped under thirty-seven subject headings. Most of these correspond, in the same order, to the individual headings from the original's *sūchipatra* or table of contents, but there has been a measure of clubbing together in two instances, which requires further elaboration.

The rst is the original's section on *anyāpadeśa*, or the allegorical epigram. The charactersitic of this composition, to quote the American Sanskritist D.H.H. Ingalls, 'is that the person or situation expressly described serves to suggest some person or situation which is not mentioned, but to which the moral or the point of the verse applies'.9 For

example, an epigram about the lion (v. 120) suggests that true excellence is innate and not dependent on any endorsement by others. The anthology has twenty subject headings under this section, describing speci c animals and natural phenomena to suggest human qualities and situations. These have been combined here in three headings (8, 9 and 10) as allegories from nature, the animal world and a miscellany.

The second is the anthology's section on *śringāra*, or the erotic mode in its manifold aspects. The anthology has no less than fty-two subject headings under this section, here combined into nine (11 to 19). The rst of these (11) clubs four original headings on the pangs of separation su ered by lovers. The second (12) encompasses six from the original list about the trials faced by separated lovers, the questions and admonitions of friends, and the need to resort to messengers, often a girl who may well try to supplant the beloved in the lover's attentions.

The third heading (13) in the present selection combines eighteen from the original, including sixteen on the anatomy of feminine beauty. It was conventional to describe this in minute detail with traditional comparisons and the anthology has separate headings for various parts of the female body, from the forehead to the feet, and much that lies in between. These have been put together to present an overall picture without excessive and repetitive attention to minutiae.

The next combination (14) is of three original headings about the woman in love feeling o ended, the placatory e orts of her lover and their exchanges. Following it, six original headings on the seasons are clubbed under one (15), and three on trysts at night under another single heading (16). The nal combination (18) brings together seven original headings, from the exchange of endearments to the commencement, the climax and the end of love-making, with the verses selected ranging over the full erotic cycle. It is followed by a miscellany (19), the second of the three which are included in the original anthology.

The number of epigrams under humour and satire (21) is marginally the largest of all in this selection. The reason, as already mentioned, is that such verses have been little translated and remain comparatively unknown. Sanskrit literature, with the overall scholarly emphasis on its religious and philosophical content, is generally perceived as staid and serious. Its lighter, more ippant side has normally been overshadowed by great and solemn works. Here this side can be glimpsed in stanzas of jollity and wit, ribaldry and satire, harsh sarcasm and earthy bawdiness. Without condoning the sexism re ected in some of them, such verses have been included to enable *subhāshita* poetry to be seen in its totality.

The other subject headings of this selection need little comment. Each has a separate counterpart in the same order in the original, and most are self-explanatory. The word *dharma* (25), left as in the original, has multiple meanings, but its sense here is mainly moral duty and virtuous conduct. The word *Kali* (26) refers to the present age in Indian mythology, which is a time of extreme degeneration in contrast to the ages which preceded it. The next heading (27) which reads *karma* in the original draws on the concept that the present condition of all beings is determined by their past deeds. My translations have endeavoured to combine delity to the original verses with the requirements of modern English usage. If some are longer than the others it is because this was necessary for giving due expression to the ideas or images compressed in individual stanzas.

In ection, compounding and syntax in Sanskrit give greater scope for such compression than is possible in English, and the two or four lines of an original stanza sometime needed up to twelve in English to fully convey

its meaning and intent. I have also used a variety of verse forms to re ect as far as possible some of the colour and avour of the originals instead of literal renditions in prose.

The ascription of the verses presented here has been shown exactly as it occurs in the original. In many cases there is none. In others authors are named with or without titles or in both forms, for example Valmiki and Valmiki Muni. In a few cases the reference is to a work and not an author. Present scholarship shows that some of the compiler's ascriptions, perhaps based on the information available to him at the time, are not correct. These have been pointed out as far as possible in the notes. Seventeen verses in the original bear the name Vallabhadeva, but it is di cult to say with certainty which of them are by the compiler and which by an earlier writer with the same name from c. tenth-century Kashmir. Peterson assigned the two stanzas in the anthology's prologue (vv. 1 and 2) to the compiler, though his edited text gives them as anonymous.

Standard diacritics have been used in spelling the names of poets and the titles of texts, but otherwise con ned largely to the indication of long vowels. Names in common usage, like Krishna and Shiva, have been spelt in this form which is easier to read. A brief background to the gods and goddesses mentioned in the verses is given at the beginning of the notes. Individual notes give information on speci c verses, mainly their sources where known. The serial number of each verse, as given in the original anthology, has been shown at its right to facilitate reference to the Sanskrit text.

In preparing the notes and the details of the poets, I have relied mainly on Peterson's erudite annotations and some information on writers derived from D.D. Kosambi's introduction to the Sanskrit text of another anthology. 10 also

bene ted from consulting R. Malaviya's edition of the Peterson text (Varanasi, 1974) with notes and translations in Hindi, though his identi cation of our compiler with his tenth-century namesake needs further research for a de nite conclusion.

Like any good anthology of poetry, *Subhāshitāvali* contains verses for all tastes and occasions. Some are of the highest quality, others may seem pedestrian by modern reckoning, but all are epigrammatic, clipped and to the point. It is not di cult to imagine that they were compiled to be read for pleasure and to be used for reference or quotation on appropriate occasions. I have enjoyed reading Vallabhadeva's original collection over the years, and am glad to share it with others through this translation.

I am grateful to V.K. Karthika, executive editor, Penguin India, for her ready response which encouraged me to undertake the present work. Some sample translations were seen earlier by my friends Ranjit Mathur and the late Ravi Dayal to whom I am indebted for the trouble they took to comment on them. Thanks are also due to Jaishree Ram Mohan for her meticulous copy-editing of my typescript. But most of all I would like to thank my wife, Priti, who read through most of the drafts and redrafts with enormous patience and always helpful criticism. For all her support in this and many other ways, no words of my gratitude can ever be adequate. Nor can they be for my mother, Subhadra, my rst mentor in Sanskrit, whose birthday is today.

A.N.D.H.

Noida

5 September 2006

Prologue

1

All praise to Sharada,

the goddess enthroned

on white autumnal clouds,

adept dispeller

of the pain existence

brings in its wake. 1

2

Hail to the power

of human thought,

which needs no word

of any guru

to pierce through all

the veils, revealing

secrets supreme. 2

1. Salutations

3

I bow to that radiance,

peaceful and still,

endless, unbound

by space and time,

which is the spirit,

and only known

through self-awareness. 3

BHARTRIHARI

4

Reverence to Brahma,

a utter of whose eyes

is su cient cause

for the world’s creation

and its dissolution. 4

PRAKĀŚAVARSHA

5

Bow to Vishnu,

the cause original

of the world’s creation,

its being and end.

He is the bridge

across this endless

course of life and death. 5

PUṆYA

6

Bow to the great boar

who saved the earth

with playful ease:

the mountain Meru

is but a speck

beneath his hooves. 7

7

Bow to Shambhu,

his head caressed

by the crescent moon;

he is the rock

on which are built

the mansions of

the triple world. 8

BHAṬṬA BĀṆA

8

Even the gods pray to him

for realization of their wishes:

reverence to that Ganapati,

remover of all obstacles. 9

Ṭ

9

Homage to Manmatha,

churner of the mind,

who dwells in lovely women

with round, uplifted bosoms,

comely hips and languid gait. 10

VI A VRITTA

10

Homage to that light supreme

which seems diverse

in di erent forms

but in essence is the same,

like gold in varied ornaments

and water in lake or sea. 14

11

Whichever the worship

it is of him;

wherever the prayer,

it is to him;

whatever the form,

this or another,

it is but his.

Homage to him, to God. 19

12

Reverence to Shambhu,

who transcends

the double state

of is and is not

into a wondrous third. 20

13

Bow to him who is the word

both occult and manifest,

his glory revealed by the power

of the independent mind. 21

14

Homage to Shambhu,

the wondrous and marvellous;

he is near, yet so far,

both easy and di cult to reach,

hidden, and yet so manifest. 22

15

Be it Vishnu or Shiva,

Brahma or the king of gods,

the sun, the moon, or the Buddha,

or some other perfect being:

salute the one

devoid of the poison

of likes and dislikes

with their pain and delusion,

adorned with every merit,

and compassionate to all. 24

16

This verse by Svami Datta,

the poet whose name marks the work

called *Chakrapāni Jaya*,

is here included

in his memory. 25

17

On his brow a dot of musk,

on his breast the sacred jewel,

a fresh new pearl upon his nose ring,

a string of gems around his throat,

his limbs adorned with sandal paste,

the ute within his gleaming hands,

ringed by milkmaids: glory be

to the prince of cowherds, and victory. 27

2. Blessings

18

May Vishnu’s arms protect you,

strong as tree trunks,

dark as clouds,

givers of bounty,

re ecting the trace

of a leaf design

on Lakshmi’s cheek. 29

HARSHADATTA

19

May the great boar’s mighty tusk,

which holds the earth as in a swing,

pales the glow of the crescent moon,

and lights the depths of the nether world, protect and guard you all. 30

MĀTANGA DIVĀKARA

20

When Hari held up

the hill Govardhana,

all the cowherds

were overjoyed.

Listening to their

songs of praise,

he remembered

his form as a boar,

with the earth uplifted

on the crescent

of his tusk,

and smiled, embarrassed.

May that shy smile

guard you all. 34

VIBHŪTIBALA

21

May that wind protect you all--

the breath of god in tortoise form,

as he slept, his back caressed

by the whirling peak of Mount Mandara

which churned the sea in times gone by.

That breathing caused a tide to rise,

and even now the ebb and ow

of oceans does not ever cease. 36

22

May Krishna’s smile protect you all

as, eyes half shut, he drinks his ll

from one breast, then grasps the other

on which a drop has just appeared;

he beams as his chin is tickled,

his little teeth gleaming

like tiny drops of milk. 37

23

‘While your brother’s gone to play

on the Yamuna’s sandy banks,

Hari quickly drink your milk--

it is from the brindled cow

and will make your hair grow long.’

The child, thus cozened by Yashoda,

drinks half the milk, then stops to feel the hair upon his head, and beams.

May that Hari guard you all. 38

JĪVAKA

24

Yashoda looks at him with joy;

the milkmaids long and ardently;

with smiles the gods, respect, the sages; young men with envy; kindly, the old; his foes are fearful of his power,

and the earth besides itself,

as Krishna lifts the hill Govardhana:

may he protect you all. 39

BHAṬṬA CHÚLITAKA

25

‘Mother, Krishna goes to play

and swallows mud deliberately.’

‘Krishna, is this true?’ ‘Says who?’

‘Your brother.’ ‘Mama, it’s a lie,

look at my mouth.’ ‘Then open it.’

And within the mouth, a marvel,

the mother sees the world entire!

May that Krishna guard you all. 40

CHANDAKA

26

‘I stay devoted by your side

and think of no one else.

Is it proper that you leave me

and sport with all these mistresses?’

Waking Hari with these words,

then nding that the myriad images

in the serpent’s jewelled hoods

are but her own re ections,

Lakshmi smiles abashed.

May her smile protect you all. 41

27

They shame blue lotuses,

look lovingly at devotees,

are the focus of meditation

for sages seeking merit.

They are a mine of beauty

and gladden Lakshmi’s heart:

may Hari’s eyes and person rid you

of su erings in this scheme terrestrial. 43

AMRITADATTA

28

May Hari’s conch shell bless you all,

the sound of which, when it is blown,

rends enemy hearts, surpassing the roar of the seven seas churning within his belly. 47

29

In the van of battle, when

Hari gazes at his discus,

searing ames arise from it

and spread in all directions,

a blazing image of the sun

which is but his eye.

May that discus now dispel

the circle of your enemies. 49

ANANDAVARDHANA

30

‘Mother!’ ‘Darling!’ ‘What is hidden
in father’s hands he clasps together?’
‘A tasty fruit, my child.’ ‘But why
then does he not give it to me?’
‘Go and take it yourself!’
By his mother thus set up,
when Guha pulled the hands apart
and disturbed his meditation,
Shambhu curbed his anger and
burst out laughing.
May that laughter
protect and guard you all. 69

CHANDAKA

3. Poets and Poetry

31

What is the worth

of the poet’s verse,

or the archer’s dart,

which cannot set

the mind awhirl

as it strikes the heart? 134

32

What is the use

of a poem’s nectar,

drenched by whose

sweet ow of feeling

the mind obtuse

can still not bloom? 136

ŚRI KALLAṬA

33

Some villains with no intellect

to compose even two lines

are ever ready to criticize

the hard work of other poets. 140

BODHAKA

34

‘What fault can I nd?’

With this thought in mind

does a villain always start

to scrutinize a poet’s art. 141

BHAṬṬA NĀRĀYAṆA

35

Some parrot poetry;

others have it inside

but are struck dumb;

rare is someone

from whose heart, bubbling,

ow graceful verses

straight to the tongue. 143

ARCHITADEVA

36

The language of a master poet,

the pledge of wholesome speech observing, is splendid like a woman chaste, untouched by vulgar word or meaning. 145

PRABHĀKARANANDA

37

Those great souls we should revere,

their fame will last eternally,

who have created poems, or whose praise is sung in poetry. 146

38

Even verses void of elegance,

but timely read, are brilliant thought;

just as tasteless food is savoured

by one with hunger overwrought. 150

VALLABHADEVA

39

The lotus grows in water

but blossoms with the sun;

the poet simply writes the poem,

good people make it known. 154

BHADANTA RAVIGUPTA

40

With a verse stuck in his throat,

the poet su ers as it were

the last gasp of his very life

till his eyes alight upon

someone with understanding. 156

AMRITADATTA

41

The language of great poets has

yet another, inner, sense,

like a woman’s grace, which is from her limbs a thing apart. 157

ANANDAVARDHANA

42

The poet’s unsaid thought will only

throb within some tender verse:

my homage to one who is silent,

but responds with a thrill. 158

VIJJĀKĀ

43

Patronage of poets brings

kudos and repute to kings,

for poets the very same

opens many doors to fame.

There is no patron better than

a king for men of poetry,

for kings too, there never can

a helper like a poet be. 160

BHAṬṬA GOVINDASWAMI

44

Śri Harsha gave a hundred measures

of gold to Bāna, worthy poet,

and a herd of rutting elephants too.

Where is all that wealth today?

But the multitude of verses

that BĀna coined in Harsha’s praise

will, I hold, remain unblemished till the very end of time. 180

45

King Rama was extolled by Valmiki;

Dharma’s son by Vyasa;

Śri Vikrama, lord of men,

by Kalidasa the poet;

Bhoja by Chittapa and Bilhana;

and Karna by Vidyapati.

These monarchs became famous

because of great poets,

not by the tumult

of their battle drums. 186

4. Good People

46

As clusters of wild owers do,

the high-minded have but courses two:

to be borne on every brow,

or perish on some forest bough. 201

RAVIGUPTA

47

For even those devoid of merit

the good always compassion bear:

the moon does not its lustre limit

in lighting up the outcaste’s lair. 225

48

The base will sin because they’re cruel; when terror strikes, so may the weak; but the good, their lives at peril,

can no more sin than can the sea

roll o’er its natural boundary. 272

BHADANTA ŚŪRA

49

Can any burden be too great

for those of t and able state?

What destination is too far

for those who enterprising are?

Which country is a foreign land

for those with knowledge? And

who can be the enemy

of those who will speak lovingly? 313

50

They cannot stand to be obliged

and will not tolerate sympathy,

the high-minded are hard to help—

they can never happy be. 202

51

The rising sun is red,

and also red at setting.

The great will look the same

in good times and in bad. 220

52

Courage in calamity,

forgiveness in victory,

in warfare chivalry,

eloquence in assembly,

love of reputation,

to scriptures devotion:

this is the true nature

of men of noble stature. 267

53

Men of merit lasting long

is intolerable even to fate:

the moon stays only for one night

in its full and glorious state. 301

54

Experts may deride them

or praise them to the sky,

glory may crown them

or just pass them by,

death may be an age in coming

or strike this very day:

the good will not hesitate from stepping on the righteous way. 278

55

The well-bred, even though enraged,

will never scurrilous language use;

when pressed, the sugar cane exudes

only sweetness in its juice.

The base, however, even served

with every kind of skill,

can in jest say things which hurt,

cause quarrels and ill will. 277

56

One who has bathed

in the cool, bright stream

of good people’s company:

what does he need

of pilgrimage and penance,

of rites and ceremony? 211

VALMIKI MUNI

57

The good do not give up their nature,

struck even by calamity:

camphor, burning in the re,

will never fragrant cease to be. 296

58

What is so special

in kindness to one

who has done you a favour

or bears no ill will?

But one who has harmed you,

now caught for the crime:

the mind which is moved

by compassion for him

marks the best of good men. 256

59

Good people have

hard hearts, I hold,

for these cannot

be pierced at all

by the sharp arrows

of wicked words. 212

TATHĀGATENDRA SIMHA

60

The best of men alone, not others,

can bear the agitation of the mind

caused by pain and su ering: only the diamond can withstand friction on the mighty whetstone,

not mere lumps of clay. 291

61

Those who merit understand

nd pleasure in its company,

but those who are of it devoid

can’t with merit happy be.

Look, the bee comes from the forest

to the lotus in the lake,

but for the frog who lives beside it

that ower does no di erence make. 253

62

The tempest uproots not the grass

softly bent to let it pass.

But mighty trees it will torment:

the great their wrath on equals vent. 261

63

Lamps illumine objects

and some people are

bright lamps of the family:

the brilliance of their merits

castes lustre on

even their forbears

who have long passed away. 258

AMRITAVARDHANA

5. Villains

64

When there are dirty things to do,

wicked minds get sharper too,

just as owls can better see

the darker it begins to be 60.

65

With a villain, in uential,

mad for money, base and cruel,

holding high o ce, O people,

alas, where will you go? 339

KSHEMENDRA

66

As an elephant seeking shade,

tired, rests beneath a tree

and, after rest, that tree uproots:

so are the base with sanctuary. 354

67

‘My luck must have been in today,

else why did he not do this earlier?

With me he has some sel sh reason or he would favour his own kin.

This lecher fears I know his secret,

if not, he would ignore me.’

Vile minds will mostly think like this

when something good is done for them. 361

KALHAṆA

68

The wise will with the wicked avoid

both friendliness and enmity:

in licking too, as in its biting,

the dog can cause one injury. 370

69

In the world there’s nothing

more laughable than that

a wicked man describe

a good person as evil. 371

70

Having forged the villain’s tongue,

so lethal for all mankind,

why did the Creator, needlessly,

make poison, re, weaponry? 376

71

Minds poisoned by the wicked

cannot trust even the good:

the child, by hot milk scalded,

blows even on his yoghurt. 390

72

It’s easy to please the ignorant,

and easier still the wise,

but even God cannot placate

one pu ed up with a little knowledge. 393

BHARTRIHARI

73

Perfumed with musk and camphor,

with sandalwood and incense,

garlic still cannot give up

its inauspicious odour—

just like a base person

his inborn nature. 415

74

To ght them hurts

one’s own reputation,

to seek their friendship

is a degradation;

considering both

and studying the score,

the wise must merely

the rabble ignore. 436

BHĀRAVI

75

Grind it hard, and you may get

even oil from sand;

a person mad with thirst may drink

water from a mirage; and travellers nd the rabbit’s horn if it is in their fate

but none can ever satisfy

a fool who’s obdurate. 447

BHARTRIHARI

76

Seeing in himself no merit,

he wants others the same to be

and, if not, laments that in this

world no good men one can see.

He curses them and plots their ruin:

a person base, by destiny,

is lled with hankerings to score

on good people some victory. 452

VALLABHADEVA

77

A lion took the dear life

of Panini, grammar’s founder;

an elephant swiftly crushed to death

Jaimini, the philosopher;

and Pingala, fount of prosody,

was killed by sharks near the seashore:

minds stricken by ignorance

have no use for merit’s store. 458

6. Niggardliness

78

With the hoarder’s money

others will toy:

it is as honey

which some amass

and others enjoy. 474

79

What you give to charity

and what you use from day to day,

that I hold your wealth to be:

the rest for someone else will stay. 475

80

Money has these courses three—

enjoyment, loss or charity;

one who will not spend or give,

with its loss is bound to live. 478

81

That villain, wealth, you guard so well, like life itself, in secret places, tormenting your very self,

will after death not follow you for even the ve ritual paces. 489

82

Scared it will cost money,

to friends he shows no amity.

He won’t accept their favours

for fear they’ll need reciprocity.

Afraid of beggars, he will lie,

he’s never pleased with praise;

terri ed of wealth expending,

how does a miser pass his days? 493

BHAṬṬA BĀṆA

7. Nobility

83

This is my brother, that is not—

so do the small-minded see;

for the person large of heart,

the world itself is a family. 498

BHAṬṬA UDBHAṬA

84

With constant rounds to life decreed,

both birth and death are no surprises,

but truly born is one indeed,

by whose birth the family rises. 500

85

For one blind to supplicate

is passable: he cannot see

the sneer upon the donor’s face;

but can anything more painful be

than that even those who may

have their eyes for favours pray. 503

86

What is the point of wealth which is
no more than a wife in thrall,
not like the lady of the street—
enjoyable by all. 507

VIKRAMĀDITYA

87

The high-minded will let go of
their very life if needs must be
but not even the smallest favour
seek from the enemy. 513

BHAŚCHU

88

Just as a body void of life
is no more than a piece of wood,
so too, I hold, is life without
any feeling for another’s good. 526

ŚANKUKA

89

One who reciprocates a favour,

no matter how much, cannot be

compared with him who rendered it

in the beginning, initially:

the rst act had no ulterior cause,

the other an imitation was. 516

90

The brave and rm touch heights of glory, of wealth though they may have no aid; no honour in the miser’s story,

even though of money made.

Behold the lion’s inborn glow,

which massed merits do attain.

Can a dog that lustre show

though it wear a golden chain? 535

91

A bed of grass, a seat of stone,

shelter underneath a tree,

to drink, cool water, roots to eat,

of wild deer the company.

With all this easy, unsought wealth,

the forest has of faults but one:

supplicants are hard to nd,

so scope for helping others none.

That is why we say,

there it is vain to stay.

ŚRI HARSHA

92

Fearing some impediment,

the base will not begin a work.

The middling start, but stop as soon

as some obstacle does them irk.

But those of highest merit,

though struck by trouble constantly,

will not abandon, even then,

the work they commenced willingly. 544

8. Allegories from Nature 93

Though borne by Shiva on his brow,

the moon looks thin and on the wane

to be dependent on another

is indeed a dreadful strain. 552

94

To another quarter it may go,

to sink in water, set in earth,

even plunge into a re.

Yet can this lessen

the sun’s great merit

in lighting up the world entire? 554

BHAṬṬA BHALLAṬA

95

The moon’s splendour lasts

only till sunrise;

once that sharp-rayed

e ulgence has risen,

what is the di erence

between the moon and

a speck of bright cloud? 555

PRAKĀŚADATTA

96

Great lights aplenty, even the moon,

come up to ornament the sky,

but none in truth does rise or set

except the sun, whose rising is

the day and setting night. 558

97

It bestrode the highest peak
of Sumeru, lord of mountains,
dispelled darkness and pervaded
this middle world entire,
yet that moon goes down the sky
with its last few rays of light:
the rising high of even the great
is followed by decline. 561

KĀLIDĀSA

98

Without the moon,
night has no glory,
and the moon no lustre
when night is gone;
why is it then
that their full union
always happens
but once a month? 572

99

Even the radiant moon,

lord of healing herbs,

its body, nectar, its family, stars,

loses its lustre in the sun’s proximity: who is not diminished

on entering into

another’s orbit? 576

100

Because it’s clean and clear by nature,

its gems the ocean lets you see,

but do not therefore think the water

is no deeper than your knee. 855

101

Gems surpassing moons in glow,

the ocean casts to depths below,

and carries weeds upon its brow.

Though gems are gems, the weed a weed,

by rulers are their rules decreed. 862

PUṆYA

102

Its breakers, rising with the tide,

may smash and scatter mountain rocks;

its sound may deafen all the quarters;

it may be vast; but can the ocean

compare even with a pond

in quenching the thirst of travellers,

hot and weary with the sun? 880

103

The pure gems hidden inside are gone;

the water here is stinging brine,

unpleasing and undrinkable;

one cannot even bathe in it

for fear of sharks and serpents.

Traveller, has thirst made you mad

that, for nothing, you run towards

this wilderness called the ocean? 878

VRIDDHI

104

Look, how this lake, sole life support

for travellers, is going dry!

Fie, O cloud, you ood for nothing

the riverside market and obstruct

good people there from passing by. 834

PRAKAŚAVARSHA

105

Frogs lay in crannies, as if dead,

sh tossed and fainted in the mud,

and tortoises hid beneath the ground;

then, at that lake, a cloud unseasonal

came and such a feat performed

that, to their very necks submerged,

wild elephants now the waters drink. 843

A SOUTHERNER

106

It does not merely thunder.

It rains on time, dispels fatigue

with its showers, brings relief

to elds parched in the heat,

and gladly does all else auspicious

that the heart desires.

Its form is dense and glistening,

its advent never fails:

may this good cloud grow. 851

107

Giving shelter, yielding fruit,

of access easy, of pests free,

it exists just for the good of others,

like a noble mind, this roadside tree. 791

108

Springtime does to all the forest

foliage in abundance bring,

if the kareera tree stays lea ess,

what fault is it of Spring? 794

109

The very leaves whose clusters new

provide the splendour of the tree,

it discards when they grow old—

for the base can this unusual be? 784

UPĀDHYĀYA UDAYA

110

O young champaka tree

with pleasing owers t to kiss

the bloom upon a young girl’s cheek,

what is the use of blossoming here?

Give up the jest of orescence,

this is a desert of vulgar people. 801

NARENDRA

111

O splendid tree, with wealth of fruit!
World famous giver of relief
to the hot and hungry! From you
all I somehow got was one
small berry, half-eaten by birds,
which had fallen down. 806

112

We ate sweet fruit and slept beneath
leafy branches; drank of water
your shade had cooled; felt fresh again
and rested long with minds content.
But we are travellers, you a tree
on this road. May we meet again. 831

113

That which is the crystal’s merit
itself becomes a fault:
it is so pure that it assumes

even the shade of unclean things. 894

114

The conch shell sound which echoed

that evening from a village temple

was deep, auspicious, apposite,

and pleasing to the ear.

But it was enhanced by the howls

of a fat, mad dog with neck upraised:

the imitation pleased the villagers

who drowned the sound with laughter. 915

JAYAVARDHANA

115

It has no water, trees or grass,

it wearies out the travellers;

but far from repenting

that it cannot help them,

the desert, rogue, incites them

to drink from its mirages. 943

UCHYAMĀNĀNANDA

116

Can mango trees delight one here,

with the weight of fruit bent down,

or plantain’s shade to stave o heat

and champaka owers’ heady scent?

Here are just stumps of shami

on which wild camels drool,

why wander in this airless desert

and risk your life, you fool? 950

BHALLAṬA

The lion, which always slaked its thirst with fresh blood from the elephant’s brow ripped by the daggers of its claws, today, alas, does beg for grass. 599

118

To Meer Shah, the baron lord,

who wished to invade Kashmir’s land,

the potentate Shahabuddin

sent the following word:

‘Why do you, impetuous fawn,

want to roam so carelessly?

Stop! This forest is not vacant.

In it still there is at home

the lion whose great mane, a hood

of hair, gleams with the elephant’s blood.’ 608–09

AMRITADATTA

119

His body, fangs and claws are small,

and, O elephant, it is true,

this is just a lion’s cub,

he can’t compete with you.

But such an irrepressible seed

the Creator in his heart did lay

of valour, that it must regard

even you as his rightful prey. 615

ANANDAVARDHANA

120

The lion’s crowning, formally,

is never in the forest done.

Self-evident his sovereignty,

his power by his valour won. 581

121

Who is to blame, what can we do,

for this great anamoly?

The elephant’s price in millions stands, the lion’s can’t a penny be. 585

ŚRI MUKTĀPĪḌA

122

Do not dget, elephant-calf,

mind your manners, bow your head!

This goad, curved like the lion’s claw

is too heavy to be used on you. 622

BĀṆA BHAṬṬA

123

Enjoy yourself, eat lotuses,

bathe in mountain waterfalls,

your limbs carressed by loving mates;

but, elephant, give up any wish

to battle with the lord of beasts. 623

ANANDAVARDHANA

124

This elephant had gone berserk,

caused consternation all around;

how has it then been controlled

by a little mahout boy

who climbed onto his head? 624

PRAKĀŚAVARSHA

125

The dog will wag its tail, and go

grovelling down, his belly show

before his feeder; but the brave

elephant gazes long and grave

at the hand which o ers bread,

and must be coaxed, before he’s fed. 641

126

O proud elephant, do not keep

harking back with half-closed eyes

to those hillside forest groves;

now give up pride, accept the present,

for it is hard to control fate. 644

Ḍ

JALHAṆA

127

This doe lies here, unbound but still,

with an open wound, and a dart within,

not quite dead though life is ebbing:

and her stag is on the hill. 647

128

All sides roped in, the water poisoned,

nets on the ground, the forest burning,

and hunters chase it, bow in hand,

where can this king stag nd refuge? 648

MUKTĀPĪ A

129

The deer bypassed all pitfalls.

It broke the net and smashed the snare,

ran far out of the spreading ames

in the wood, with swift leaps dodging

the hunters’ arrows as it ed;

but then it fell inside a well.

When fate is set against you,

what can all the e ort do? 655

130

Deer, go quickly! Leave this place!

Why do you stop and turn your face,

looking back continually?

The uttering of your eyes will not

melt even a bit these wretched hunters, their hearts are hardened totally. 649

131

Not your dance,

a feast for the eyes,

nor your call,

elixir for the ears,

not even your tail,

a rainbow of colours—

nothing will satisfy the cat

except, O peacock, to kill you. 683

132

Brother koel, cease your song,

its music has no value now,

be quiet, sit inside some hollow

by heaps of fallen leaves concealed;

it is no more the feast of spring,

this, O friend, is winter time,

now the groves in the parks are full

of ocks of harshly cawing crows. 722

133

Here crickets chirp, there ravens crow,

here hooting cranes, there chattering apes, yonder dreadful howls of jackals: it’s providence. How can the koel,

young and timid, raise its voice? 723

134

Standing on one stem-like leg

the aged crane retracts its neck

to give to all the little sh the illusion of a lily bloom. 758

VRIDDHI

135

He can’t sing sweetly like the koel,

nor has the swan’s voluptuous gait

or the peacock’s painted feathers:

even so the crane has weight—

and that is his hypocritical state. 761

ŚRI JAYAVARDHANA

136

The same in colour and in plumage,

black, in a koels' gathering

who would know it is a crow

if it did not try to sing? 764

VĀLMIKI

137

Shooing o the koel,

the crow enjoys the mango fruit;

driving out the kingly parrot,

the osprey eats the pomegranate;

the owl expels the peacock

from the treetop, and sleeps there

happily with its partner.

The eagle having gone away,

in the forest all is wrong today. 773

138

It means the sun or even the moon,

the name ‘Illuminant of the Sky’:

to an insect it was given

by someone pleased with the re y. 777

139

‘The moon will set

and the stars’ glory fade,

the gloom-dispelling

lamps go out,

when all is dark,

I’ll light it up.’

Sir re y,

this is unlikely. 782

140

Having qua ed the lily’s treasure,

there itself the youthful bee

aspires to the mimosa bud;

in this wicked honey-licker

is there any loyalty? 725

141

Amuse your ckle heart, O bee,

in other vines whose owers can
all your rough caresses share.
Why squeeze and crush before its time
the young bud of the jasmine,
still tender and of pollen bare? 735

VIKAṬANITAMBĀ

142

He drank of nectar, as he pleased,
from the fragrant sa ron bud,
spent the moonlit nights of autumn
within the lotus ower's womb,
and roamed amidst the elephants,
their temples stained with ichor ow:
how can this bee feel satis ed
on a dry kareera tree? 749

143

Kingly swan, why have you come?
Be quick, depart before it's dawn.
Here fools will take you for a crane—
they think the crane to be a swan. 704

To carry loads it is not able,

nor can it serve the ploughman’s need,

however the temple bull

does splendidly when at his feed. 953

145

Seated in his own abode,

the crocodile can even drown

an elephant, but on leaving it

a mere dog can bring him down. 954

146

It’s better to be trampled

by the lion, on its track

with noble tail and bristling mane,

than climb upon a jackal’s back. 955

147

No matter where they go, the deer

can pass their days and live

on grass of any kind;

but for lions, who eat elephants

they hunt themselves, a livelihood is very hard to nd. 957

BHAṬṬĀRKA

148

The full moon of an autumn night,

dispelling dark with myriad rays,

cannot ever match the light

of the sun, even on cloudy days. 965

VIDYĀDHIPATI

149

Behold the scarecrow the farmer made

to look like him and guard the grain:

as it cannot move, the beasts are bound

to lose fear and eat the crops again. 984

150

Resting on her rounded hip,

held tight within her graceful arms,

pressed hard by the maiden’s breasts,

the pitcher now enjoys the fruit

of being red by the ames

of cow dung in the potter’s kiln. 994

AMRITAVARDHANA

151

From birth insigni cant, it never counted for anything, was only trampled underfoot into the ground each day.

Now see, friend, lifted to the skies

by a ckle wind, this very dust

sits on hillcrests and crowns of kings. 1011

152

We put up with snakes

on the sandal tree:

how can grace

unguarded be?

Tell us khadira,

is it to protect

your elegance that

these thorns you collect? 798

BHALLAṬA

11. Love in Separation

153

You brush aside my hand and leave,

of strength is this a great display?

I would reckon you a man

if from my heart you got away. 1041

154

When you are not here,

I long to see you;

when you are, I fear

we will be parted.

It is no comfort—

to see you or not. 1043

155

She did not hold him by the cloak,

or bar the doorway with her arms,

fall at his feet or ask he stay:

but when on a dark and cloudy day

her husband was about to leave,

she blocked his path with streams of tears. 1057

156

If it’s certain you must go,

why then the hurry, at least wait

for some more moments, while

I gaze upon your face.

Living in this world is like

water owing down the drain,

who knows if we will meet again. 1059

157

She listened to his words, ‘I’m going,’

and ‘Try to manage the house,’

took note even of his return,

but hearing ‘Don’t be sad,’ she looked

at her husband’s face and sighed

and gazed at the baby at her breast. 1064

DHĪRANĀGA

158

I may have decided to go,

but how can I tell, unfeelingly,

one who is my very life?

And even telling, and then watching

her face stream with tears, and still

going: e upon this craving for

a bit of money, such as mine. 1050

MORIKĀ

159

Stop, O friend, stop fanning me

with leaves of lotus and of palm,

the re in my heart may just

suddenly erupt in ames. 1070

160

I do not know how to weep,

grieving too, I do not know,

these tears keep falling on their own,

I do not weep—it’s truly so. 1105

161

Once again the day has passed

of your heartless father’s return,

darkness now spreads on the road,

come, little son, let’s go to sleep. 1106

162

O heart be still,

why su er too,

the one you love

does not love you. 1111

163

The tie of love is gone,

the heart’s assurance too,

tender feelings spent,

he’s just another man.

But, thinking of the past,

dear friend, I know not why

my heart just does not shatter into a hundred pieces. 1141

VIJJĀKĀ

164

‘This is black.’ ‘It’s black, my dear.’

‘Indeed it’s white.’ ‘And why not?’

‘We will go.’ ‘Then let us go.’

‘Enough of going.’ ‘So be it.’

Thus he always went along

with my preference in the past,

but now he goes with someone else.

Friend, who can ever know a man? 1138

165

Somehow, in a play of pique,

I told him to get out, and he,

hard-hearted, left the bed

abruptly and just walked away.

But my shameless heart still yearns

for that callous spoiler of our love,

O good friend, what shall I do? 1143

166

‘You simple girl, do you intend

to be so naive all the time?

Compose yourself and mind your honour,

don’t be artless with your lover.’

Thus advised by friends, the maid

with a timorous look replies,

‘Hush! Softly! My life’s lord may hear you, he is here within my heart.’ 1161

AMARUKA

167

I am now by pride a icted,

and cannot ever go to him;

nor have I clever friends who can
take me there by force or whim.
He too is proud, and will not come
on his own to look for me.
Time passes thus, and life is short,
Mother, I am sick with worry.
168
One thing which he always liked
was to look at me.
He had no care for any other,
I was his life’s support.
Now, look friends, I do not even
have any news of him
but live on, it is so strange
to talk about my grief.
169
Go, wind, where my darling is,
touch her, come back, touch me too;
even this is a lot for lovers,
it will keep me living.

VĀLMIKI MUNI

170

For a lover it’s a lot to know,

and not at all of little worth,

that I and that lovely legged girl

stand upon the selfsame earth. 1191

VĀLMIKI MUNI

171

She would not e’en a garland wear

lest it should then interfere

in our lying close together:

but now between us forests lie,

rivers wide and mountains high. 1192

VĀLMIKI MUNI

172

Raising up, O just a little,

that face as lovely as a lotus—

when will I drink from it again

that incomparable elixir? 1194

VĀLMIKI MUNI

173

Her hips were round,

her movement languid,

even as she walked away,

she stepped inside my heart. 1205

śRI HARSHADEVA

174

The sage’s word is true indeed,

that all the world is transitory:

else of parting from that doe-eyed girl

who could bear the agony? 1198

175

Even with my love-sick mind,

my sight has divine grace:

sitting here I see my love

who is in another place! 1208

DHAIRYAMITRA

176

To think of her gives fever,

to see her causes lunacy,

to touch her puts one in a swoon,

how can she my sweetheart be? 1225

177

If she, my love of graceful limbs,

lives within my heart,

how is it that it feels empty,

of fate is this a part? 1241

178

If I keep thinking of that girl,

what hope is there that I’ll survive?

And if I live, forgetting her,

what is the point of staying alive? 1251

DĪPAKA

179

In the forest of her body,

in secret hills which are her breasts,

do not wander, O my mind,

there love the bandit lies in wait. 1256

180

Renunciation negates all ills—

this seems to be a pack of lies,

all my ills began when I

renounced that girl with innocent eyes. 1271

ŚŪDRAKA

181

She covered her lips

with her ngers again

as she timidly warned me

that I should refrain.

I lifted her face,

she turned to my shoulder,

I do not know why

I did not then kiss her. 1273

KĀLIDĀSA

182

Even today,

I remember her face,

pale, and brushed

by swinging earrings,

with beads of sweat

appearing like pearls

in love’s exertion,

as my darling strove

to act the man. 1291

BILHAṆA

183

I do not know who will be fated

to enjoy this faultless beauty,

an unsmelt ower, a bud unpicked,

an unpierced pearl, fresh honey whose

avour none has tasted. 1332

KĀLIDĀSA

184

She grieves in my sorrow,

thrills in my joy,

su ers my anguish,

and speaks sane words

when mine are incensed.

She knows the times,

is clever in speech,

delights in my praise.

Noble adviser,

comrade and helper,

my wife is many

things rolled in one. 1353

BHĀSA

185

She is in the bloom of youth,

my mind has gone haywire:

her limbs are full of loveliness,

in mine there spreads a re. 1212

AMARUKA

186

I saw my angry sweetheart

in a dream today.

‘Do not touch me!’ she exclaimed

in tears, about to go away.

As I began assuring her

with sweet words and an embrace deep,

just then, O friend, a wicked fate

robbed me of my sleep. 1362

NIDRĀDARIDRA

12. Friends and Go-betweens 187

You simple girl, why try to hide

the pain of parting from your lover

by holding back your tears?

Your pillow, drenched night after night, now put out to dry, tells all. 1095

188

Your face is pale, eyes bright with tears, limbs gaunt, gait dull, composure gone.

Don’t be coy, you foolish girl,

why not tell me, your best friend,

the truth of what, within the hour,

has brought you to this pass? 1096

189

Your gaze is languid, soft with love,

you shut your eyes repeatedly

and open them for just a moment

to stare, or shyly dart a glance

full of some inner feeling.

Tell me, young miss, who is he,

that lucky man you are looking at? 1098

190

If that heartless man has gone,

ignoring these ashing eyes

and the girdle clinging to your hips,

it’s he who is the loser. 1168

191

When your sweetheart came, you did not

greet him straightaway and long,

nor put your arms around him and

speak sweetly words dripping with love

or, gathered to your upthrust bosom,

hold him in a deep embrace:

you simpleton, you have been let down

by your own ineptness. 1173

RATNAMITRA

192

What did you get by being

so ckle and self-willed?

He came to your house,

fell at your feet so lovingly,

and you ignored him!

Now you’ll never be happy

and weep lifelong

reaping the fruit of anger. 1176

AMARUKA

193

True, today is Tuesday,

not suitable for you;

even so, messenger, go,

a su erer cannot wait. 1179

194

Good times are as waves on water,

youth is but a moment’s span,

life is frail—an autumn cloud,

go quick, messenger, tell him this. 1180

195

Messenger, it’s getting dark,

that rake is young, you just a girl,

the message secret, the place a wood,

the spring breeze sets all minds awhirl.

Still, go, and may the meeting spell

good news for me. God guard you well. 1188

ŚĪLĀ BHAṬṬĀRIKĀ

196

‘Where is the question

of any quarrel?

She lives for you,

her eyes on the door,

head bowed on hand.’

Such words, repeated

to the lover,

give him new pleasure

every time. 1182

BHĀRAVI

197

Do not get concerned, or worry

that she is so young, thin and delicate.

Have you ever seen a vine

shed owers when a bee alights?

So, sir, in some lonely spot,

show no mercy, kiss her hard:

the sugar-cane stem will never yield

its juice if handled softly. 1401

VIKAṬANITAMBĀ

198

O hard of heart, she could not bear

the pangs of separation, and

as she gave up life, has sent

this nal message meant for you:

‘A child to give me funeral water,

luckless I leave just one daughter.

Do not give her o in marriage

to one engrossed in work abroad.’ 1403

BRAHMAYAŚASVĀMIN

199

Wayfarer, brother, go home quickly,

I have seen your darling there:

eager for some word of you

she meets each traveller on the road,

but, choked with tears, she cannot speak

and only sighs escape her lips as, head bent low, she weeps and weeps. 1409

200

Pure cheek on palm,

eyes on the road,

her heart with you:

since long it has been thus,

how could she

have time to stand

on dignity? 1381

VARARUCHI

201

Her hot sighs evoke the summer;

a ow of tears, the monsoon time;

pale and sunken breasts, the autumn;

the two winters, her face sublime,

now trembling, now a fading lotus;

then beads of sweat come like spring days.

In missing you, it is a marvel,

all the seasons she displays. 1406

HARIGAṆA

202

‘Messenger, did you go?’ ‘I did,

my lady, to that libertine.’

‘Did you see him long? What was

he doing?’ ‘He was just amusing

himself, playing on the vina.’

‘Fortune’s made him proud. What did

he say?’ ‘He did not speak at all.’

‘Because of pride?’ ‘No, choked by tears.’

‘The rogue! Those are his tricky ways.’ 1424

203

Messenger, your face and bosom,

with your hand why cover more?

Lips and breasts, like soldiers brave,

look best while bearing marks of war. 1428

204

Why talk about it more, messenger?

For my work’s accomplishment

you gave of even your own esh,

what to say of other things? 1434

VARARUCHI

205

The other night, in course of love,

somehow he stole a cloak of mine.

You have now retrieved it by

giving away your own!

Can any messenger be as clever

as you in covering up a slip? 1437

BĪJAKA

206

‘Why do you pant?’ ‘I came back fast.’

‘What makes you thrill?’ ‘He has agreed.’

‘Your hair’s undone.’ ‘I fell at his feet.’

‘Your skirt knot too!’ ‘From going and coming.’

‘There’s sweat on your face.’ ‘I went in the heat.’

‘You seem worn out.’ ‘I talked a lot.’

‘But, what do you have to say, messenger, of your lips, which seem to look like faded lotus buds?’ 1440

ŚILĀ BHAṬṬĀRIKĀ

207

Your hair is mussed, your cheeks are pink, all your frame is trembling too.

It does seem to me, my lady,

that my lover has beaten you! 1435

JAYAMĀDHAVA

208

Lover, you deserve this paragon,

and she deserves you equally—

the moon shines not without the night,

and a moonless night must dismal be. 1396

MORIKĀ

13. Beautiful Women

209

In this worthless scheme of things

the treasure she will always be—

a fawn-eyed girl of languid grace

to whom love comes spontaneously. 1453

210

The dark-eyed maiden’s wavy tresses

stream between her rounded breasts

like a line of bees on their way

to the heart, su used with the nectar

of a freshly blooming lotus. 1484

PUṆYA

211

That beauty spot upon your forehead

glitters like an arrow’s blade;

xing it on those archéd eyebrows,

miss, who are you about to slay? 1488

212

How has that pair of dark-blue lilies

blossomed on your lotus face?

Is this a portent of some trouble

which will of good men leave no trace? 1492

213

Though owers growing in a ower

is neither seen nor heard of ever,

miss, on the lotus of your face

of lilies blue I see a brace. 1495

214

Your lower lip, with coral glow,

is a desert trail, fair maid,

whose heart will it not overcome

with thirst and longing for a drink? 1507

215

Nectar, no doubt, has its avour;

honey too; what can one say,

fresh mango juice is also sweet;

but a discriminating person may

sit in judgement and pronounce,

even once, if indeed there

is any taste more luscious than

of the lips of one’s beloved here. 1511

216

It cannot make itself resemble

my love’s sweet face in any way:

the moon expands and then reduces its orb repeatedly, to this day. 1517

śRI HARSHA

217

Her full breasts are lotus blooms,

dark nipples like two bees upon them,

the stem, a hair line to the navel,

points to the treasure trove below. 1545

218

O you rash daredevil girl!

Why go whirling round and round?

Sit down! Or else your waist will snap

with the swirling of your breasts. 1547

VIKAṬANITAMBĀ

14. Pride and Placation

219

I frown, I no more look for him,

speak little, and shroud myself

with a cloak. The mind alone

wanders, anguished. But who

can divine that? So, hurry,

fetch the man I love, to see

how I have been wounded. 1579

220

Even as I frown, the eyes

search for him more eagerly.

I keep silent, still a smile

its across this wretched face.

The mind I’ve steeled, but even so

my body bristles by itself.

When I see him, how indeed,

will I stand upon this pride? 1580

BHADANTA ĀROGYA

221

My wayward eyes may it and roam,

this wretched girdle slip, this bodice

rip with the heaving of my breasts, but, friend, I’ll never speak again to that rogue of a lover, that is

if with wounded pride my heart

does not just then burst apart. 1575

AMARUKA

222

When my lover at last appeared,

after long, and suddenly,

deliberately I shut my eyes

and did not speak as he would like.

But my arms did not obey me.

They bristled and embraced him hard

as, by practice, they were wont.

Mother, what then could I do? 1582

223

As he approached her

she got up in welcome,

leaving no chance for

their sitting together;

avoided his embrace

on the pretext of going

to fetch him a betel leaf;

and did not converse,

keeping busy with servants

in the vicinity.

She was thus courteous

to her lover, but clever

enough, nevertheless,

to show her displeasure. 1583

PULINA

224

She did not ignore courtesy,

frown, be terse or contrary,

nor say anything impolite,

but when her lover clasped her in

a close embrace, her eyes welled up

with tears and made her anger known. 1587

DHARMAKĪRTI

225

You hold my life

like a ball in your hand;

how long, fair maid,

do you want this game

of changing moods

to continue? 1593

ŚAŚIVARDHANA

226

‘Beautiful, give up this pride.

Look at me, I’m at your feet.

You’ve never been so cross before.’

By her husband thus addressed,

she cast a glance from half-closed eyes, shed many tears, said not a word. 1600

227

Your eyes he made of lilies blue,

your face of lotus owers,

your teeth of jasmine buds, your lips

of young and fresh red shoots,

and your limbs of champaka blooms.

With all this, darling, how could God

possibly make your heart of stone? 1610

228

The night is almost past,

the crescent moon is turning pale,

the lamp is ickering, as if it

also wants to fall asleep.

Though I have begged forgiveness

you are still enraged.

By nearness to your breasts, you minx,

has your heart also turned hard? 1612

BĀṆA BHAṬṬA

229

O you lovely legged girl,

why do you hide and peep?

Look at your sweetheart openly:

water drunk in droplets

dripping from a blade of grass

will never quench your thirst. 1596

VRISHṆIGUPTA

230

‘Girl!’ ‘My lord,’ ‘Stop being angry.’

‘What have I done in anger?’

‘You’re cross with me.’ ‘It’s not your fault, all the faults are only mine.’

‘Then why weep and choke with sobs?’

‘In front of whom do I do so?’

‘Why, me.’ ‘And who am I to you?’

‘My love.’ ‘I’m not, and so I weep.’ 1614

BHAṬṬA KUMĀRA

231

O proud beauty, hard of heart,

stop being angry! It ruins pleasure,

is wrong, when youth and being together

are so eeting. Death counts each

passing day, and love is not

complete without a quarrel! 1619

BHĀSA

232

In the beginning were those days

when you and I were one.

Then you, the lover, I became

simply a mistress losing hope.

Now you are husband, I the spouse,

what more is there to say?

My spirits turned as hard as rock,

and this the fruit I reap today. 1622

233

‘It is as you say, my lady,

all the faults are always mine,

though what o ence, O lotus-eyes,

can there ever be from husbands?

Yet here I am, with folded hands,

punish your slave at will.’

‘When a slave has crimes committed

can there be scope for pardon still?’ 1631

234

Take a eld of powdered sugar,

on which clouds have honey rained,

the seedlings then manure with candy

and irrigate with juice of grapes:

if that bore fruit, its superlative

sweetness would then match your voice. 1639

235

Kama struck me with his arrows,

I did not care as I recalled

you to be my healing balm;

nor did separation’s re

burn me, as the hope of meeting

you was with me as a charm;

I passed those days in making

wonderful resolves withal—

you know them as you’re in my heart,

a witness to them all. 1634

ŚŪRAVARMAN

15. The Seasons

Spring

236

This hum is not a swarm of bees,

from inebriety its sweet note born:

it is the sound of Kama’s bow,

in this season being drawn. 1644

BHĀMAHA

237

Embracing the mango blossom

the bee kisses it with much ado

as a lover would his sweetheart,

thrilled at meeting her anew. 1647

238

In the woodland, everywhere,

the ame of the forest trees have shed

all their leaves, their branches bent

with owers bright as blazing res,

and the earth gleams in the spring

like a new bride in red attire. 1678

KĀLIDĀSA

239

The koel’s call does now proclaim

at the love god’s own command:

‘Travellers, do not leave your homes,

give up thoughts of going away;

proud ladies, do not be so di cult,

why get angry with your lovers?

For spring, which can consume the lives

of parted couples, has arrived.’ 1689

Summer

240

The lane is empty and deserted

in the searing heat of summer,

but for the couple there, absorbed

in talking only with each other,

the sun shines like the moon. 1693

241

Fearing the unbearable heat

of the sun, now at its zenith,

shadows too, in search of shade,

have withdrawn beneath the tree. 1699

ŚRIMAD AVANTIVARMAN

242

Troubled by the sun’s hot rays,

scorched by the pathway’s burning sand,

panting, uncoiled, hood contracted, the snake now rests beneath the peacock. 1703

243

To feel the cool breeze on a body

covered with drops of perspiration;

to taste the water, cold and clear,

in a mouth all parched with thirst;

after travelling far, to rest

the tired limbs beneath the shade:

blessed indeed is one who spends

the summer wandering in Kashmir. 1710

BHAṬṬA BĀṆA

244

If you wish to get home quickly,

having pined each day to see

your dear wife with her swinging hairbraid, then, friend, though you may
thirsty be, from that well for drinking water it’s better you keep far away,

for the artless, languid glances

of the girl who tends it

get travellers there to stay. 1712

245

Seeing the forest all around

inhospitable, as if on re,

and fearful of the heat, the bu alo

drinks acrid water from the pond

boiling in the midday sun,

and tries to curl its body so as to shelter in its own shadow. 1706

MĀTRISHEṆA

The Rains

246

O cloud! Thunder, rain, or throw

bolts of lightning down below!

Men on their way their girls to meet

do not think of cold or heat. 1724

247

The sky is like a madman,

it dances with arms of lightning,

laughs with a ight of cranes

and weeps with streams of rain. 1725

248

Mountain peaks, with water streaming

from rainbow clouds which rest on them,

seem like rutting elephants draped

in cloaks of many colours. 1728

VIŚĀKHADEVA

249

Dark clouds above

and sloping hills

where peacocks dance,

the ground below

all white with new blooms, where can the traveller

rest his gaze? 1744

BHARTRIHARI

250

The air I breathe is bitter

with the scent of mountain jasmine,

I hear the clouds thundering,

have spent night after night

on a lonely bed

trying in vain to sleep,

covered the walls with signs

to mark the passage of time,

but you never come

and this life is hard to end. 1764

251

With sky as pit, and lightning’s re,

Kama performs the ceremony

for causing turmoil in the hearts

of women parted from their lovers:

the thunder is his litany. 1780

ŚRI RĀJĀNAKA ŚUGA

252

The sky is dark with clouds,

dark as the smoke from res,

the ground is spread with grass

sprouting fresh, dark green;

the time is indeed suited

for making love, it comes when for separated couples

the one refuge is death. 1760

CHIĀKA

253

Let clouds thunder

and stream rain,

lightning ash,

winds blow their coldest;

I have an antedote

to stave o fear,

it is my sweetheart

reclining on my chest. 1790

Autumn

254

In autumn, as their ow recedes,

rivers gradually reveal

their sandy banks, like girls still shy

of making love, the inner thigh. 1792

VĀLMIKI

255

Autumn comes, a bride in white,

her visage radiant as the moon,

with eyes like petals of blue lilies,

and a wealth of lotus owers,

a wild goose by her side—

good fortune’s goddess, praised in song. 1818

MAHĀMANUSHYA

256

With rich grain and blooming lotus,

lucid waters, song of cranes,

the moon’s bright disc, the sky’s expanse, autumn, and its many faces, win the hearts of all mankind. 1823

257

The sun is sharp and hot,

like the base with new wealth.

The deer shed horns

like an ingrate his friends.

The waters grow limpid

like the mind of a sage,

and mud starts drying up

like a poor man who’s lustful. 1821

Rice stalks, heavy now with grain,

are slowly bending down their heads

as if to smell the lotus owers

growing beside them in the eld. 1805

VARARUCHI

Early Winter

259

‘She is the sweetheart

of the sun, my enemy’:

and the frost, in anger,

has blighted the lily. 1830

BILHAṆA

260

O winter, as you pass, for me

two things will memorable prove:

the water freezing on its own,

and nights ideal for making love. 1836

261

In a little grass cottage,

beside the barley eld,

on a bed of fresh-cut straw,

sleep the farmer couple;

so well protected are they

by the warmth of her breasts

that the cold keeps far away. 1840

KAMALĀYUDHA

Late Winter

262

The door of the room shut tight,

a re burning by the bed,

an ample quilt to cover you, in your arms a loving spouse: to a person who sleeps thus,

what can the snowfall do? 1853

BĀṆA

263

It was dusk. At rst the traveller

sat by a public bon re and,

not caring if he got scorched,

warmed himself to heart’s content.

Then, partly covered with a rag,

he slept beneath the thatched roof

in a corner of the shrine

of the village goddess, till

a wind, laden with snow akes,

drove him to another corner. 1857

16. Nightfall

264

The sun sinks fast, as if afraid

of angry glares by lovelorn women

who await with trembling lips

this signal for nocturnal trysts. 1897

NARENDRA

265

Pure or sullied, rm or ckle,

straight or curved—each quality

is by darkness made the same;

evil’s force, it is a shame,

overwhelms variety. 1901

KĀLIDĀSA

266

The sun, in setting, seems to say,

its last ray on the lily’s head:

‘I go, fair one, my time is up.

Sleep, tomorrow I will come

to awaken you myself.’ 1908

śRI HARSHADEVA

267

The sharp-rayed sun, some people say,

sinks in the sea at the end of day;

it goes to light another world—

this is what some others hold;

and yet others do proclaim,

it merges with some cosmic ame.

But all of this seems just a lie—

it has no witness standing by.

As for me, I’m sure, dear friend,

that the sun, when day does end,

within some maiden’s heart must stay

to burn it while her lover’s away. 1902

INDULEKHĀ

268

As the sun sets in the western hills,

a full moon rises on the crest

of the mountain in the east:

the glory of the evening sky

resembles Hara dancing, with

two copper cymbals in his hands. 1909

269

Moonlight is maddening,

it turns the world upon its head:

the cat licks it in the cup like milk;

the elephant reaches for the beams

ltering through leaf-laden trees,

mistaking them for tender shoots;

and the girl thinks it’s her garment on the bed, at love’s end. 1994

BHĀSA

270

Parting the dark mass of her hair

with the ngers of his rays,

closing the lotus blooms, her eyes,

the moon kisses the face of Night. 1963

KĀLIDĀSA

271

That lily’s life were passed in vain,

which did not the moon behold;

the moon’s existence fruitless too,

if it did not ever see

the lily waken and unfold. 1964

BILHAṆA AND THE PRINCESS

272

That ancient poet is a fool.

A curse upon his poetry

which compares a woman’s face

with the moon. How can that be?

The eyebrows arched, the sidelong glance, the rage, the laughter full of glee— in the moon with just its rabbit,

where can anyone ever see? 1977

273

Moon-faced girl, look at the moon,

an earring for the maiden, night,

a lotus petal in sky’s lake,

a int for honing Kama’s arrow. 1984

274

Trees look like royal parasols,

hills like the snowy Mount Kailasa,

mud as curds, as milk the sea,

vines like pearl strings, fruit like shells: all the land’s expanse is turned white with the rising of the moon. 2002

BHAṬṬA TRIVIKRAMA

275

The road is dark, she trembles so,

her lover stole her heart away,

how will you lead her to his house,

Kama, can you ever say? 1936

276

Midnight, dark and cloudy skies,

the city lanes deserted,

the husband gone to foreign lands,

give joy supreme to a wanton. 1937

277

‘Where are you going, pretty maid,

in this dark of midnight?’

‘Where lives my lover, dear to me

even more than my life.’

‘Are you not afraid, my girl,

of setting forth alone?’

‘A warrior with his feathered arrows,

Madana goes with me.’ 1946

AMARUKA

278

The necklace glitters on your breast,

the girdle chimes around your hips,

and anklets tinkle on your feet;

when you are going out to meet

your lover with so much fanfare,

why do you, O innocent maid

cast furtive glances everywhere? 1947

ARGAṬA

17. Carousals

279

She, who was cross

with her faithless lover

and would not relent

when he fell at her feet,

is now, with wine,

no more fastidious,

and satis es him

as she did before. 2014

NAGNAJITA

280

The moon could not compete

with the glow on this beauty’s face

and, ashamed, it’s gone

to swim within her wine-lled glass

and gain a purer form. 2015

BHĀRAVI

281

Though she drank much wine,

she did not get drunk

out of concern her lover may turn to another woman.

Inebriation requires

the mind to be relaxed. 2010

282

On the pretext of drinking wine,

the young couple, their mouths together, are pouring out, in fact, the juice of love into one another’s heart. 2016

JAYAMĀDHAVA

283

How can a half-drunk glass of wine

glitter so? Well, that young woman

kissed it with her pretty red

lips and lled it with their glow. 2017

JAYAMĀDHAVA

284

‘In this pleasure bower there

is a jasmine vine whose lovely

owers none have plucked so far’:

saying this, and softly taking

the innocent maid by hand, a rogue

led her to that lonely spot. 1866

JAYAMĀDHAVA

285

The bees forsake the vine whose blooms

have already been gathered, and

go to girls who wear them in garlands:

the wicked think only of themselves. 1863

286

The girl beheld a drop of water

roll upon a lotus leaf

and, as if it were a pearl,

stretched out her hand to get it. 1875

VALLABHADEVA

287

Wet skirts now cling to women’s hips,

the girdle strings so soaked in water

that their bells have fallen silent,

like stars turned pale in the moonlight. 1873

18. Love in Union

288

Should I merge within your limbs,

or in myself absorb you?

After long I have you back

and don’t know what to do. 2027

289

Tell me truly, O my love,

what is it you do to me:

to hear you is a real pleasure,

to see you is pure ecstacy. 2038

290

The bees are after you, my lady,

they think your eyes are lilies blue,

your lips the crimson phoenix ower,

hands lotuses, cheeks blossoms true,

your dark tresses they think to be

their own kin and very dear:

it’s hard to fend o their embraces,

what all will you guard out here? 2037

291

In two lovers’ game of dice

the wager was a kiss,

who the stake has won or lost—

only Manmatha knows this. 2048

JAYAVARDHANA

292

‘Wait a bit! Let go my skirt!

Others will wake! O you are shameless!

At least put out the light, I beg you!’

These words of my beloved

enthral me more

than even the act of love. 2053

RĀJAPUTRA PARPAṬI

293

She hurries to leave our room with friends, lowers her eyes when I look at her, will not reply when spoken to,

turns her back to me in bed,

and trembles when embraced:

the newly wed bride is dear to me

by this very contrariety. 2072

śRI HARSHADEVA

294

Though they hide the heart’s desire

to begin making love,

the couple understand each other just by eeting glances. 2044

KAYYAṬA

295

Newly married brides are full of longing when they are far, but then feel shy near their husbands, and afraid

when trembling on the bed they lie. 2047

RUDRAṬA

296

It stole the joy from conversation,

and pre-empted intercourse—

when the lover’s eyes were overcome

by sleep, suddenly and perforce. 2050

297

When neglect is itself devotion,

and not looking an ardent gaze,

silence, too, a glad communion,

then love, deep hidden, shows its face. 2051

298

Her husband has just returned

from a di cult crossing of the desert.

The woman gazes at his face,

her eyes moist with relief,

and softly brushes, with her own sash,

his camel, as she gives it fodder. 2075

299

She was o ended, lay in bed

with limbs inert, her back to him;

he, from behind, with gentle hand,

caressed her softly round the navel;

she broke into a sweat of passion,

her girdle slipped, but angry still,

she heaved a cunning put-on sigh

and loosened the knot of her skirt. 2085

300

‘Do you think she does not know

who has come and closed her eyes?

Why stand behind her? It is pointless,

your limbs are bristling, and she knows.

Leave her, you fool, don’t you see

the teardrops trickling down her face?’

Her friend spoke thus, and hastily

the youth embraced the girl. 2068

301

Parted for ages, weak with longing,

to meet again was so delightful

that all the world seemed born anew.

The day was long, somehow it passed,

and when night came, the couple spent

more time in talking, than in making love. 2063

302

She clings? She melts?

She sleeps? She’s dead?

A hundred doubts assail me

with my darling in my arms. 2088

303

Blessed be the mumblings

of ‘yes’ and ‘no’ within her mouth

as the lover grasps her hair,

lifts up the face and forcibly

kisses the haughty girl. 2090

VIJJĀKĀ

304

The faltering voice, the sibilant sound, the trembling hands, the half-closed eyes, of women, in love-making’s course, turn into Madana’s weaponry. 2092

BHĀRAVI

305

Capriciousness and lack of shame,

obstinacy and impudence,

the unpitying and passionate heart,

of calm and steadfastness no sense:

all these, not faults, but virtues prove in the act of making love. 2095

BHAṬṬA PARIBHŪTA

306

‘Master! Lord! My darling! Hold me!

Hold me close! O you are wicked!

Cruel! Thinking of your own pleasure!

You hurt me! Stop! Enough! Enough!’

Such words of women in making love are signs of their a ection. 2096

BHAṬṬA KUMĀRA

307

After love, he made pretence

of sleeping, when she kissed him

but realized he was awake

as all his body bristled.

‘You must be punished for this deceit!’

Saying this, she bit his lip

and got what she was after. 2102

308

At love’s end, that charming girl

gropes for her garment everywhere,

at the aming lamp a ower ings,

and confused, with a little laugh,

tries to close her husband’s eyes,

then at last, to his arms returns. 2105

309

Lying in the same bed,

their faces turned away;

not replying, ill at ease,

wishing at heart to make up,

but conscious of their dignity.

At long last a sidelong glance,

a meeting of the eyes,

and the ice is broken:

the couple laugh, and swiftly

passion reignites. 2112

310

Now the girdle tinkles,

the anklet bells are stilled;

this must be a lucky lover

whose darling acts the man. 2122

311

May they fall upon your breast,

the beads of perspiration, trickling

from that lusty lass’s face

in heat of love, with roles reversed. 2119

312

He grasps her hair, his eyes riveted

on the spot between her thighs,

and she, the minx, well skilled in love, kisses her lover on the mouth. 2125

JAYAMĀDHAVA

313

I said, ‘My dear, I’ll be your girl,

you be the man.’ The doe-eyed maid

shook her head, ‘No! Never! No!’

Then took a bracelet o her wrist,

and fastening it on mine, she gave

assent without a word. 2127

314

Here sprinkled with betel juice,

there besmeared with aloe paste,

here a spread of scented powder,

there red lacquer from the feet, strewn with owers spilt and scattered by the dishevelment of hair,

the bedspread all the scenes recounts

of a woman making love. 2123

315

Sugar candy, betel leaf,

milk and butter, children’s sound,

a maiden’s glance, a poet’s fancy:

these O Shakra, king of heaven,

in your domain will not be found. 2138

316

Friend, you’re very fortunate

to be able to narrate

the sweet exchanges full of joy

in meetings with your lover boy.

For, when his hand my darling placed

on the skirt knot at my waist,

I swear I cannot then recall

any, anything at all. 2142

317

Lips with colour kissed away,

eyes bereft of kohl,

tresses straggling on the face:

but at dawn, contented,

their glory is more

than of the night before,

when merely ornamented. 2139

BHARTRISVĀMIN

318

When to the bed my lover came

my skirt knot opened by itself—

I held the cord, but the dress slipped o with just a bit left on my hips.

That is all I know, dear friend,

for when he took me in his arms,

who was he and I myself,

or how we two made love together,

I don’t at all remember. 2147

AMARUKA

319

As the moon was kissing dawn

he saw her lord, the sun, appear,

quickly then he hid himself,

turning pale with fear. 2155

MUKTIKOSHTHAKA

320

At daybreaking, as I watched,

the dark veil of the lady, night,

was by the sun’s ray-hands removed,

and the moon despoiled of light. 2154

PUNṆYA

321

Ignoring his entreaty,

she turned her back,

pretended to sleep.

In time, she hears

the cock’s loud crowing

and turning over,

her eyes full of slumber

and still half-closed,

the woman embraces

the lord of her life. 2175

MĀGHA

322

The horses wake and, softly neighing,

search for grass on every side,

the cock too waves its copper plume

and sounds a note, both high and sweet,

which lovers hear most angrily. 2168

323

Set to leave the trysting chamber

now that night was almost over,

she kissed and embraced him

but was not contented;

with one foot on the oor, the other

still in bed, that slender maid

put her arms around her lover

and gave him a long, long kiss. 2191

324

It inspires the poet’s muse,

makes palace pigeons chirp,

and enrages husbands

of all beautiful women:

it is the trumpet’s call at daybreak, and the clanging chains of elephants as they arise from dusty beds,

the noise lling the sky. 2223

RĀJAśEKHARA

325

When the pet parrot of the house,

which heard at night the couple’s love-talk, began repeating it in front of the elders in the morning,

the bride, embarrassed and aghast,

took a ruby from her eardrop

and, pretending to the bird,

that it was a pomegranate seed,

stu ed the gem inside its beak

to stop it prattling any more. 2214

19. Miscellaneous Verses: 1

326

‘Doctor, what would you advise

as medicine for one stricken by

that slender maiden’s ashing eyes?’

‘The best, an embrace I regard:

grab her hair and kiss her hard.’ 2225

The arched eyebrow, the itting glance,

cunning, sidelong and delightful,

the tender mien, the bashful laugh,

the languid grace of pause and motion:

these are the ornaments of women,

and their weapons too. 2227

TWO KAVIPUTRAS

328

I am alone, a weak young girl,

in this house. The master has

gone away to foreign lands.

Foolish traveller, whom will you ask

if you can stay here? My in rm

old mother-in-law is deaf and blind. 2234

RUDRAṬA

329

The virgin is merely curious,

the widow just seeks friction,

the harlot wants a bit of money,

one’s spouse has no other option.

The reasons, for which women want

men, are a vast variety;

it needs good karma to get another’s

bride, purely out of amity. 2238

330

I speak the truth, there is no bias.

This is a fact. In all the world,

than girls there is naught more enchanting, nor more unique a source of pain. 2231

331

The bashful glances at each other,

the words sent through a message bearer

to meet tomorrow or today,

loving, joyous, all the way,

and when the meeting does take place,

the ardent kisses and embrace:

this is Kama’s harvest true—

the rest even the animals do. 2237

332

Fresh made ghee, and milk with ice,

turmeric, a new shawl’s drape,

red sa ron, aruka fruit and turasi,

wood apples, honey and the grape, a Kira lass with limbs as tender as lotus buds: I have to say

a Kashmiri who knows not these,

I think had better silent stay. 2243

333

A mango grove, a fragrant breeze,
the ground a dark-green lawn of grass,
a lute’s soft sound, a cup of wine
stirred with jasmine buds, a tranquil
moonlit night, and sidelong glances
from a girl with lovely lotus eyes—
what else is worthwhile in a world
as eeting as the lightning’s ash? 2251

MANGALAVATSA

334

Till then only does man stay

on the course of virtue’s way,

keep his urges in control,

of shame and decorum know the role:

till, from brows drawn to the ear,

the arrow of some wanton glance

released, dark-winged, his heart will tear, and rob him of his resistance. 2246

DHARMAKĪRTI

335

Where is the cloud, and where the peacock with its fan of brilliant feathers?

Where the pure-rayed moon, and where the waves upon the ocean’s waters?

Behold the rising sun, and see

the lotus ringed with bees so gay:

one who loves another, pleases

the heart from even far away. 2240

20. The Heroic Mode

336

Into battle as I go,

this I swear and rmly vow:

the enemy force will never see

the hind side of my cavalry.

I cannot promise any more:

fate is ckle, and in war

both defeat and victory

must depend on destiny. 2275

CHANDAKA

337

Many study law books,

even the one-legged can;

but one who will bear

the sharp-edged stroke

of the enemy’s sword—

such a man is rare. 2255

RĀJAPUTRA ARGAṬA

338

Earth, be still!

O serpent, hold her!

Tortoise king, support them both!

And to steady all the three,

you cosmic elephants, be prepared:

the prince now draws great Shiva’s bow. 2282

FROM *BĀLARĀMĀYAṆA*

339

When trampled on, it rises up

and engulfs the trampler’s head—

even that dust is better than

the much humiliated man

who just will not react. 2264

MĀGHA

340

So long his honour is intact,

till then truly he’s a man,

good fortune will wait upon him

and glory with him stay. 2266

BHĀRAVI

341

Mount Meru’s peak is not too high,

nor the nether world too low,

or even the sea uncrossable—

but only for determined men. 2260

21. Humour and Satire

342

To raise the fallen,

and make the risen fall:

your powers strange, vagina,

seem supernatural. 2293

VYĀGHRAGAṆA

343

Proudly struts the yokel,

sash around the waist,

ashing his underskirt,

jabbering for a penny’s sake. 2295

344

Widows are caught up with gigolos,

and housewives with their husbands,

whores want only wealthy men,

students make do with the hand. 2296

345

It’s women’s eyes

which do the irting;

but it all ends up

at an innocent spot

between the legs. 2297

346

Pliant to start with,

then turning sti ,

ruthless in business,

and when it is done

all soft again:

merchants, in life,

are just like the penis. 2298

347

Many thorns the rose surround,

lilies bloom in muddy ground,

each charmer has a go-between:

fault-free gems are seldom seen. 2299

348

There is no fear

your palate will split

or your tongue be pulled out;

so, freely speak:

a man loquacious

is deemed perspicacious. 2300

349

Faulty words are deer, afraid
of the lion which is grammar;
where could they hide, if not within
the depths of all those mouths cavernous
of gurus, clowns, astrologers, physicians and vedic priests? 2301

350

The astrologer may calculate
the moon's union with a star
but, alas, is unaware
who his good wife's lovers are. 2302

351

It's sinful to go for another's wife,
one's own does not exist;
so, much praised by men well raised
is the beauty held in one's st. 2303

352

The fair and fetching plump expanse
of that whore's depilated pubes
is like the golden slope of Meru
grazed clean by stallions of the sun. 2304

353

‘This is my rice,

and this my wheat,

these my lovely beans.’

While man thus bleats,

‘mine, mine, mine, mine,’

in voice caprine,

he’s taken away by death. 2306

354

Who indeed can call him clever?

The Creator was a fool—

he made no oil in pumpkins

nor on elephants wool. 2307

355

Of planets he’s the tenth, located

in the daughter’s sign for good,

always di cult and demanding,

a drain upon your livelihood:

in the horoscopes they draw

he is the proverbial son-in-law. 2308

356

Death laughs at him

who guards his health,

the world at him

who hoards his wealth,

and she laughs too—

the adultrous wife,

at her husband, guarding

the son like his life. 2309

357

This serpent’s mouth

is down below,

with a single tooth

and a lethal ow

which has no cure.

It’s called vagina

and it has bitten

all men for sure. 2310

358

Fool, when getting food for free,

for life do not so cautious be:

free food is di cult to obtain,

life, with rebirth, will come again. 2311

359

For comfort in their afterlife

parents pray for children, who

will send them clotted cream in heaven,

with poached and roasted pheasant too. 2313

360

A mouth which is not occupied

with helpful words for some poor soul,

with savouring betel or kissing lips,

is no better than the nether hole. 2316

361

Drink from wayside water tanks,

eat at the public table,

sleep inside a place of worship,

fuck wherever you are able. 2317

362

It was summer,

the priest was asleep

beneath a tree,

a dog appeared

and pissed on his hand,

he muttered the words

for taking a fee. 2318

363

Salutations, my lord doctor,

you dispatch men without exception;

giving you this onerous duty,

Death enjoys a ne vacation. 2319

MAYA

364

The physician has no mastery

over how long life will be.

All his physic

just therein lies:

he robs the sick,

from the dead he ies. 2320

MAYA

365

‘Doctor, I am weak with fever,

say what is the remedy.’

‘Drink a cup of some strong liquor

and bring another one for me.’ 2321

MAYA

366

Sages, themselves prone to anger,

teach others not to angry be,

like paupers who, to make a living,

preach the merits of alchemy. 2323

HARSHA

367

If the clerk could never eat

his mother’s esh while in her womb,

the only reason for this feat

was: at the time he had no teeth. 2326

368

With quill tucked behind his ear,

the clerk you must not trust;

better do so with black serpents

or wild tigers, if you must. 2327

369

The deer of bad language,

killed by lions of grammar,

were eaten by actors and doctors,

and pale men from another land. 2333

370

With some skill at this or that,

man attains the princely caste

where in cursing lies his merit,

his manliness in fashions fast. 2335

PRAKĀŚAVARSHA

371

Friend, listen to this wondrous deed

a rustic lover did today:

ḍ

I closed my eyes in carnal pleasure,

he feared I was dead, and ran away. 2338

DĀMODARAGUPTA

372

For treating bile the kiss is best,

for wind the pressure of her chest,

for phlegm it’s ceaseless intercourse:

thus, for calming all three humours,

always to a girl recourse. 2340

373

A bed well made, a charming house,

a faithful and congenial spouse:

these a match can never prove

for a moment brief of secret love. 2342

DĀMODARAGUPTA

374

That strumpet is a box of bliss,

her cheek is pale with passion,

her pubic zone depilated is,

may all rascals get their ration. 2345

RAN ĀNANDA

375

For one who comes

though not invited,

gets angry looks

but seats himself,

death is better

than any dinner. 2348

376

The letter *t* is always short

in rustic, servant, unchaste, cheat;

why it’s doubled in priestly titles—

for this a harlot you must meet. 2352

377

Bribes, rewards and rental payments,

one should accept immediately;

the same is true of a share in wealth,

of stolen goods and poetry.

These six, not taken there and then,

may not be o ered ever again. 2349

378

The priest keeps cows, but sells the milk, and uses water for oblations in the sacri cial re.

He’s also reputed to follow

the scriptures in sexual conduct,

but sleeps with menstruating whores,

and that in daylight too. 2353

379

Seeing a god made out of gold

the stones rejoice at their salvation

from being beaten, burnt and chiselled,

and bless the smith for his creation. 2354

SUVARṆAKĀRA IŚVARAVARMĀ

380

Fish prepared with oil and salt,

ginger, pepper, pomegranate peel,

with walnuts garnished, touched with sa ron, and served on a bed of cool, white rice: the doer of this act of merit is bound to go to paradise. 2357

381

The bed is small, its strings not tight, the whoremaster talks incessantly, worse luck, it’s chill this winter night, O what a load of misery! 2356

382

If I cut them o , what is

the point of living like an ox;

or like a bull by keeping them;

if I sit and stretch my legs,

people always laugh at me:

the size of my balls is a nuisance. 2355

RATNABHŪTI

383

He measures out rice

like Indra his diamonds,

and displays greens

like a barb from a bone,

but the sauce so spiced

that it burns the throat, he serves most freely,

just like water. 2358

384

Even though one reaches eminence

by learning well the Vedas four,

the systems six, the fourteen skills,

and all the classic arts there are:

still one fails, if unaware

of the wheeling dealing here. 2359

385

Her waist is no more than a st,

her belly is two arm’s length round,

like swinging bells her two breasts list towards the pelvis further down.

Her laughter’s sound is like a horn,

her face can well inspire fear,

even so this courtesan

both repels and draws me near. 2360

386

Clad in a pair of white garments,

the girdle creased with three days' use, his hair brushed upwards, legs and thighs with razor scraped, there stands a man looking out, by the temple bull,

for a quiet place to get some girl. 2361

387

Both good times and bad are certain

in this world for every creature.

An old man will be jilted by young women, it's a part of nature.

In every clan there is a man

who gains great prosperity;

and if maids behave like menfolk can,

know that's the end of the family. 2362

388

He takes no meat or alcohol,

but drinks good people's blood;

though observing religious fasts,

he steals the temple food,

and that kept for cows and brahmins

while listening to the liturgy;

proud partner of these evil times,

whose friend can an o cial be? 2363

389

He asks you questions, tells strange tales, scratches, feels inside his clothes, looks at the sun and counts the days,

laughs excessively, swats mosquitoes,

goes out, quarrels with his workers,

drops a pitcher, puts out re:

these are the goldsmith’s dozen tricks

to distract you as he steals your gold. 2364–65

390

Do it, lover, while you may,

your youth is passing every day.

After death, who’ll o er you

with funeral rites a sweet cunt too? 2366

391

May this whore give joy to you,

her gaze is candid, embrace soft,

and laughter graceful—never loud.

No more for her pursuit of pleasure,

she visits shrines and holy men;

but her breasts are large and rm,

of wits and panders she’s still queen,

and all her lovers are good men. 2367

392

Harlots, too, look for salvation

and bliss with all intensity,

but, perhaps, in their devotions

just one blemish there could be:

and it is that, with lips perfumed

with scented wine and betel sections,

they kiss the mouths of holy priests

much de led by benedictions. 2368

393

I have, my beauty, just one dollar,

it’s in my belt for security;

I earned it with a lot of labour,

take half of it—be kind to me. 2370

394

With his cash, the harlot can

in any old and leprous man,

see a second god of love;

but moneyless, no better than

any old and leprous man

is a second god of love. 2369

KSHEMENDRA

395

In this chilly winter time,

may your cooking pots be full

with paste of lotus stem and root,

bright and smooth as elephant tusk,

with fritters rich in pepper,

and pieces of the shakuni fowl. 2371

396

She bears fresh nail marks on the thigh

but fears having them on other limbs;

her eyes are dull with sleep and red

with kisses, yet a icker will

summon another paramour;

a wishful lling vine for gallants,

this tart cannot be had without

many holy deeds of merit. 2373

397

The limbs are weak, it is futile

to stretch them out for an embrace;

the penis droops, to make it rise—

the mere e ort is too hard to face

for the worn-out, accid esh;

the girl’s distressed, it is most awkward—

in making love, an old man’s toil:

in thinking of it, what will be better—

to laugh a bit or weep a while? 2374

BHAṬṬA VRIDDHI

398

You are alert, can mind your limbs,

shake the head and move the feet,

answer questions, need less help,

and rice no more refuse to eat.

The fever’s gone, and also thirst,

of chronic illness you are free

and looking, once again, alive,

it is a joy today to see. 2375

399

Grasping, like with meat a vulture,

guarding, like its hive the bee,

erce like a sharp-clawed tigress,

venomous like a serpent, she

in turns and twists is like a sh,

in stealing things just like a mouse;

the harlot has so many aspects

for cheating clients in her house. 2377

400

Readings loud from holy books,

endless tales of piety,

talking much with womenfolk,

endearments for their progeny,

praise ctitious for their cooking,

their good fortune and competence,

blessings for their male relations,

some talk of one’s experience,

and then a greeting once again:

in monks these are the merits main. 2378

401

Love purchased is like a medicine,

a labour, when to power due,

with one’s spouse it’s just mechanics:

it’s something else which is love true. 2381

402

‘Why is this food so salty dear?’

‘Why don’t you cook it on your own?’

‘Hell! Don’t you answer back like this!’

‘To hell yourself! Your father too!’

‘Damn you for your angry words!’

‘You liar! Who gets angry more?’

With the couple always bickering,

can their torment ever end

and there be some joy? 2379

403

If, even though an utter fool,

you wish knowledgeable to appear

before a group of dull-wits, then

speak of eminent persons there,

take names of well-known authors,

display some books of quality,

some learned scholars vilify,

wave hands and laugh uproariously. 2383

404

For scholarship a reputation

if you wish to gain perforce,

even though to sacred learning

you have never had recourse:

then as your own, claim others' works,

stand proud as you recite some verse with half-closed eyes, and be dramatic while running down in language terse

Vyasa and the other lions

of literature in days gone by;

as for learned men at present,

challenge them, their skills decry. 2385

405

Friend, my husband has all the merits
which heroes, chiefs and princes do,
my life would have been worthwhile
if he were my lover too. 2387

406

My husband has these merits
which all young maids adore:
he sings and kisses like a bird,
in making love he’s more
passionate than a rutting elephant.
A perfect moon? I have no word,
he’s faultless but for one thing:
he is my wedded lord! 2386

407

Do not groan! O spinning wheel!
She sends us all in a spin
with a simple sidelong glance.
You, at least, are turned by hand. 2388

408

I hold the sacred thread, all pure,

and this solemn oath do swear:

than girls there’s naught delightful more nor greater trouble here. 2390

409

It pleases even when it’s owing,

even when the mind it shames;

this natural cleft delights the eye,

and shaven, shines in lovers’ games;

it is the vagina, wondrous fair,

may all of you its blessings share. 2391

410

The sacred ground is marked for worship

with lotus owers, but to hide

a cat’s shit lying there, they use

the leaves kept for the ceremony.

It’s like a fool, his sin to cleanse,

of sleeping with another’s wife,

should call her ‘mother’ and thereby

aggravate it even more. 2392

411

For food forbidden, sick men hanker,

for money those in penury,

for hurting others, wicked people,

women for the joys of adultery. 2393

412

He curses not the moon, nor waits

for sweet words from a messenger;

burning sighs don’t singe his heart,

his body does not waste away;

he sleeps embracing his own spouse,

one faithful and amenable.

Is it love? It’s not, alas,

just the tiresome married state. 2398

413

Its friction makes the girls cry out,

young women emit squeals of joy;

the more mature, this rod ambrosial,

makes their deepest griefs forget;

it churns the oceanic depths

of old vaginas, like Mandara;

long live this tusk of Indra’s elephant, this mighty club, this prick of yours. 2401

414

‘Monk, your cloak is rather loose.’

‘It is a net for catching sh.’

‘You eat sh?’ ‘With wine betimes.’

‘You drink?’ ‘When with a courtesan.’

‘You go to them?’ ‘I kick my enemies.’

‘You have foes?’ ‘I burgle their homes.’

‘You also steal?’ ‘Because I gamble.’

‘You rogue!’ ‘I am a slave-girl’s son.’ 2402

415

‘Someone else enjoys the pleasure

in being used, the pain our lot,’

the crone’s breasts seem to say while reaching down towards the other spot. 2406

22. Pen Pictures

416

Eager for home, the traveller goes

singing, laughing, dancing,

thinking of the girl in his heart,

not the ups and downs of the road. 2408

417

First they grunt like rumbling clouds

and slowly arch their bodies,

then, scraping with their hooves the earth, pointing their horns straight ahead, slowly, slowly, close they come

and, feet rm planted, strike furiously, their curving tails uplifted: these two big bulls a ghting. 2424

418

Night is over, and the cat

gets up from beneath the oven,

yawns and twitches all its limbs

to shake the cinders out. 2407

419

The child covers its mouth and nose

with the hand, all ngers stretched out, and loudly squeals:

my heart it steals. 2411

VALLABHADEVA

420

He takes a few uncertain steps

holding to the nurse’s hand,

then, with the con dence of practice,

he comes crawling on all fours,

showing tiny buds of teeth.

Words cannot describe, O friend,

the pleasure given by one’s child. 2414

BHAṬṬA JANĀRDANA

421

‘Please, good mother, pity me,

a stranger who is tired out.

I’ll pass the night in just a corner

of the porch outside your door

sleeping very quietly.’

Pleading thus, but quick rebu ed

by the housewife’s sharp abuse,

the traveller picks up his possession,

a bundle no more than a stful

of straw, and moves on again. 2416

RAVIDATTA

422

Hearing his mother say

‘Your father’s come!’

all at once the little boy

leaves his game with other children

and, dust covered, arms spread out,

comes shouting from afar and smiling,

to one who cannot but be blessed

by this love supreme. 2415

423

The donkey sni s the odour, and

mouth agape, displaying teeth,

he runs braying loud behind

the eeing she-ass, her kicks redoubling his urge to copulate.

With organ taut he mounts her fast

but is bewildered and comes down,

his natural wish denied. 2422

ŚRI MAYŪRA

424

From the clouds the water streaming

at midnight in the palm forest,

the elephants stand with half-shut eyes, their palm-leaf ears now motionless, and listen to the falling rain,

their trunks reclining on their tusks. 2413

23. Verses of Flattery

425

‘Why serve Krishna

who churned and hurt me,

and sleeps all day

upon my waves?

Better wait on someone

who understands, is kindly

and always wide awake.’

Thinking thus, and cognizant

of your fame, O king,

the sea of milk has here arrived

in the guise of snow to serve you. 2632

When the clouds were raining snow,

this verse, commixed with attery,

addressed to Śri Jainollābhadīn,

was made by Śri Baka, that is me. 2633

426

Averse to engagement

even when summoned,

not showing openly

the play of its parts,

and unable to act

like a man upon you,

your enemy’s army

is like a new bride. 2489

VIKAṬANIṬAMBĀ

427

It is stainless and strong,

pure, well tempered,

of noble lineage

and always sheathed.

Your sword wins hearts,

for it is like you. 2471

428

In the rich, generosity;

in the great, humility;

in well-born women, modesty;

on a person’s tongue, poetry;

in elephants, ichor; in woods, a koel;

on buds, a bee; in bed a girl;

a nail mark on the beloved’s cheek:

O king, all these are ornaments,

as you are of the world. 2622

429

Why ever talk of happenings

in other people’s homes,

but with my southern, talkative,

nature I cannot be silent.

In every house, in markets,

in squares and drinking parties,

your darling madly circulates, she is, sir, your fame. 2544

MĀTANGA DIVĀKARA

430

O king, your glory is adorned

by your mind, your mind by learning,

your learning by good policies,

your policies by valiant prowess,

your valour by your fame,

your fame by deeds, your deeds by brilliance traditional in your family which your birth itself adorns. 2577

431

Listen, king, in heaven, earth,

or in the nether world of serpents,

there never was or is or will be

any chief who can compare

in statecraft, glory, modesty,

in foes' destruction, love of art,

in piety and in fame with you. 2514

432

'Whose verse is this?' 'It's only mine.'

'Good, read it out again, sir poet.

But, friend, it has been used before!

Others have expressed this thought.'

The pain which such words cause to poets, like axe strokes on their vine of hope, O king, may your enemies su er too. 2568

24. Verses of Counsel

433

Some are deer in tigers’ garb,

some are tigers dressed as deer;

to place your trust in such reversals

is to invite trouble here. 2738

434

If you are unable to follow

the path of good men all the way,

pursue it even a little bit,

on that road one can’t be lost. 2641

435

The greatest dharma is to do

good to others, well and true;

no greater wealth can ever be

than in one’s work dexterity;

no pleasure is delightful more

than giving in a worthy cause;

and true salvation is to be

from every earthly craving free. 2642

436

The goddess of prosperity

will never go near one

who is too noble-minded,

too generous, bold and pious,

and proud of his own intellect:

she’s scared of such a person. 2646

437

The lazy will not wealth attain,

nor the timid, or the proud,

or those who fear the people’s clamour,

and folk who just wait all the time. 2647

438

For one whose self is ill-secured

even friends are enemies:

for weak digestions, even wholesome

food can sickness cause or death. 2653

439

‘What will not, will never be,

what will, must come to pass for sure.’

For every care this remedy,

why not take and fret no more. 2662

440

Without harming others,

yielding to the wicked,

and giving up the right path,

what little one gets—

it is enough. 2660

441

In pain, look at a greater pain,

in pleasure, on some greater pleasure,

to grief and joy do not surrender—

both are your foes in equal measure. 2668

442

Look at the outcome

of constant practice:

even fools become

knowledgable, gradually,

mountains turn to powder,

termites consume a tree. 2679

443

Of family, friends and kinsmen,

of one’s own mind and grit,

man discovers the reality

on the touchstone of calamity. 2688

444

An ant on the move can go

a hundred miles or more,

but an eagle, motionless,

will not progess

a single step for sure. 2686

445

The soft approach

is never respected,

the hard leads always

to enmity;

abjure both and follow

a middle policy. 2692

446

In all three worlds

there is no charm

to compare with this

for winning others:

friendliness and charity,

sweetness of speech, and

for each creature, sympathy. 2694

447

From foes and fear and grief protecting, your pleasures and your trust respecting, who coined this word, this apophthegm called ‘friend’ which is, in fact a gem. 2700

448

Thinking that all comes from fate,

e ort you should not disdain,

without pressing seeds of sesame,

who can oil from them obtain? 2723

449

One who sits back, full of trust,

after making peace with enemies,

is like the man sleeping

on the branch of a tree

who will wake up on falling down. 2756

450

A group with many leaders,

each one proud and clever,

and all wishing to be important,

is bound to be ruined. 2724

451

By a foe, with respect treated,

you may another eliminate,

as you would a thorn

stuck in the foot

with one held in the hand. 2763

452

To those who live on Malaya’s slope,

sandal is but rewood;

gems no more than rocks and stones

for denizens of the ocean’s shore;

the residents of Kashmir, too,

have no respect for sa ron:

distance lends great value, and

proximity breeds disdain. 2942

453

Replanting uprooted trees,

culling those in ower,

helping small ones grow,

and pruning those too tall or dense,

separating the intertwined,

placing thorny shrubs aside,

and nurturing those he plants:

a clever king, acting the gardener,

rules his realm for long. 2947

454

Better than a foolish brood

is a single child with merit:

darkness does one moon preclude,

a thousand stars can’t do it. 2730

455

By mere touch can elephants kill,

by sni s alone the serpents will,

sovereigns with a smile do slay,

and villains as they homage pay. 2752

456

Danger one should always dread,

as long as it is far away.

But once it is upon your head—

strike a blow as heroes may. 2755

457

The wise will not use

harsh methods, where

softer ones can work:

if bile is calmed

with sugar, why

use the bitter gourd? 2874

ARGAṬA

458

With money one has many a friend,

and kinsmen too, one also can

on being acclaimed a sage depend, one is then counted as a man. 2816

459

To consort with another’s wife,

to hanker for another’s wealth,

to insult teachers and elders,

neither gives happiness here

nor in afterlife. 2900

RĀHULAKA

460

One whose repute

is not acclaimed

for death in war or victory,

for learning or for charity

or for great wealth:

his existence

has little di erence

from that of an insect. 2901

VARĀHAMIHIRA

461

One who even guards a cent

from ever being wrongly spent,

as if a hoard of gold it were;

but will spending millions dare

when situations so demand,

and do it with an open hand—

the goddess of prosperity

will never leave one such as he. 2911

ŚRI HARSHA

25. On Dharma

462

This is the essence of dharma,

listen to it attentively:

do not do to others

what you would not like done to you. 2950

463

Kinsmen turn away and go

leaving the dead person’s body

on the ground like a log of wood:

dharma alone does follow it. 2954

464

Earn that treasure, in having which

there is no fear of thief or king,

and which will always stay with you,

even after death. 2957

465

Straightforwardness and kindness,

self-restraint, control of the senses:

this is the common dharma of

all four castes, Manu has said. 2959

466

Truth is not just a word for the real,

nor falsehood for that which is unreal;

where lies the ultimate bene t

of creatures—that is real truth. 2969

467

In moving or in standing still,

in sleeping and in dreaming too,

whatever your actions be—

if not for the bene t of others,

they are but animal activity. 2970

468

The di erence between recipients

unworthy or not of a gift

is as with cows and snakes:

with one grass turns into milk,

with the other milk into poison. 2975

469

Earned lawfully and gifted,

even a penny bears mighty fruit,

but not the thousands given

of wealth obtained illegally. 2976

470

They too must experience pain

when pricked even by a thorn,

yet such people savour esh

of animals butchered with knives. 2982

471

For those who drink wine, kill a priest, steal, or break a solemn vow,
atonement is possible, O king,

but none for one ungrateful. 2988

472

Non-violence, truth, compassion for

all creatures, self-restraint,

and charity within one’s means:

this is the householder’s dharma. 3010

473

In all man’s actions

what needs discernment

is purity of intent:

the mistress is kissed with one,

the daughter with another. 2966

474

Rituals holy, sacred study,

doing penance, charity,

truth, forgiveness, solicitude,

and not coveting: virtue’s road

with these eight, the scriptures say,

is paved to form the righteous way.

But, of these the rst four go

to serve often an outward show.

The latter four can only be

in someone with true piety. 2997–98

475

In action, mind and speech,

to be devoid of malice

for all beings, and to show

them kindliness and charity:

this, the wise have said,

is true morality. 3047

476

Guard character with care,

wealth will come and go,

man is not lost by loss of money,

but without character he is dead. 3048

477

Knowledge is wealth in foreign lands,

common sense in times of trouble,

virtue is wealth in afterlife,

and good character everywhere. 3053

KSHEMENDRA

478

Just as when a garment’s soiled,

it’s so no matter where you sit,

character too, once it is spoiled

has nothing left for guarding it. 3049

26. The Iron Age of Kali 479

As the Age of Kali ends

all will be demons, who

in the shape of human beings,

eat other men, not in the esh,

but by devouring their money. 3056

VYĀSA

480

This wicked Iron Age has taken

mankind into such condition

that wanting to cause injury

to the master and the friend

is a merit thought to be. 3058

481

By every dread disease a icted,

to plunder by cut-throats subjected,

by kings oppressed, to famines bound,

the people now go round and round. 3064

482

The time is past when one’s worth grew

with good and honest work;

now do not take the useless trouble

of acquiring merit;

instead, to get on with your life,

resort to shameless impudence. 3065

483

‘What hope from that villain?’

‘But he is good-hearted

and I have done a lot for him.’

‘Forget it. Good is just a word

in ancient books. Today

people care only for money,

even a little bit of it.’ 3066

484

In this Age of Kali, when dharma

has retired from this world;

truth and penance disappeared;

the earth is turning infertile,

the people cheats, the brahmins fools,

the rulers thoughtless and oppressive;

and sons hate fathers, wives ght husbands; blessed are they who are dead. 3076

485

Moonlit nights they spend at brothels,

in ardent festivals of pleasure

amidst women with wine-scented mouths.

In daytime, as all-knowing ascetics,

since long engaged in sacred rituals,

ordained and fully enlightened, these rascals cheat the world. 3077

486

‘Where to, brother?’ ‘To the city.’

‘For what?’ ‘In the hope of a job.’

‘With whom?’ ‘The king.’ ‘But how?’

‘On my merits.’ ‘And what are they?’

‘Those of all decent people.’

‘What use are they today!’ ‘What then?’

‘Take to the forest. Haven’t you heard?

Greedy villains are favoured now,

and jobs go to the scandalmongers.’ 3072

27. The Power of Past Deeds 487

As among a thousand cows

the calf runs after its mother,

so too deeds done previously

always pursue the doer. 3081

488

Salute the gods? But even they

cannot escape relentless fate.

Salute that fate? But even it

bears fruit to deeds proportionate.

Then, if fruit depend on deeds,

are gods and fate of any avail?

Salutations to deeds on which

even fate cannot prevail. 3079

489

Such is the marvel in this world
of deeds done in a previous birth:
the undisciplined live long lives,
the servile have of wealth no dearth. 3084

490

Why be depressed in adverse times
and wonderstruck in prosperity?
It is by previous deeds decided,
whatever has to be will be. 3087

491

The fruit which deeds of people bear
are most uneven, it is seen:
some the palanquin do carry,
some ride upon the palanquin. 3092

492

Whatever man earns
with lifelong labour,
his heirs divide
when he is dead;
the evil he did

for greed of wealth

alone remains

that unfortunate’s property. 3099

VYĀSA

493

Fruit come not from looks or family,

morals, learning or pure speech.

It is merit amassed from deeds

done by man in former lives

that bears fruit for him

in due time, like a tree. 3100

AŚVAGHOSHA

494

The man to whom

the gods award

defeat, his mind

they overturn:

he sees things

upside down. 3095

28. Fate

495

O the supreme ability
of fate which often marks
its scheme of distribution:
where merit stays, there is no money,
where money is, there stays no merit. 3108

ŚRI VYĀSA MUNI

496

As, in giving away a daughter,
one ensures the quality
of family, learning, prowess, age
and good character of the groom,
so does clever destiny
when it hands out poverty. 3109

497

Fate is the master
not just of men
but even of the gods.
Though Shiva’s friend
is the god of wealth,

yet his garment

is animal skins. 3111

RAVIGUPTA

498

Something beyond one’s wildest wish,

beyond even the poet’s fancy,

hard to attain even in a dream,

yet fate bestows it in a trice. 3115

499

Base, impious, meritless,

ckle minded, harsh of speech,

if such a one great wealth enjoys,

is it his prowess, or his fate? 3116

VALLABHADEVA

500

When the sun eclipsed I see,

and elephants wild in fettered state,

and able men in poverty,

Then I realize the power of fate. 3125

501

Alas, the folly of fate!

In man it has created

a mine of limitless merits,

a jewel to adorn the earth,

yet made his existence

so very transitory. 3126

PHALGUHASTINI

502

A bald man’s head was getting scorched

by the rays of the noonday sun.

Seeking shade, he stopped perchance

beneath a bilva tree, wherefrom

a great ripe fruit fell on his head

and cracked it with a loud report.

Disasters often happen just

where unlucky people chance to go. 3141

DIVIRADEVĀDITYA

503

Though tossed by angry winds of fate,

the sea, which is the noble heart,

will not transgress its proper limit,

that is the way of its waves. 3107

GOVINDARĀJA

504

In placing wishful lling trees

on Mount Sumeru, whose celestial

denizens have no wishes left;

gems within the fathomless

waters of the mighty ocean;

and a uence with wicked villains;

the Creator has, in truth, blacked out

a bright lamp with a pot. 3135

For serpents the Creator made

a diet of air, obtained with ease

without recourse to violence;

for beasts He laid young shoots and grass to eat, and ground to sleep upon;
but for men, with wits to cross

the ocean of this worldly round,

were made such means of livelihood—

in securing which men’s virtues

are, one and all, destroyed. 3139

506

A snake, con ned inside a basket,
lay hungry, coiled, all hope exhausted,
when, at night, a mouse crept in
through a hole that it had bored
and fell into the serpent’s mouth.
Revived by its esh, the snake
escaped by that very mouse-made hole.
So, be at ease, it’s fate alone
which ensures the rise and fall of men. 3143

29. Times of Trouble

507

It is better to be born a tree
growing in some barren patch,
by re of its bark denuded,
stunted, eaten up by worms,
than a supplicant to be. 3166

508

‘Sit down! Stand up! Come here! Away!

Speak! Be silent!’ Even so—

with supplicants who to them go,

gripped by hope, do rich men play. 3168

509

The ashen face, the voice choked up,

the trembling body, the perspiration:

these signs of one about to die

are the very same as of one

who has to make a supplication. 3172

510

Blessed are they who do not see

the break-up of their family,

their wives in love with other men,

their children caught in vice’s den, and their country cease to be. 3173

511

Moonlight, lutes and sandalwood,

beds and coaches, maidens nice,

cannot please a famished man:

all must start with a plate of rice. 3174

512

Forbear you did, but not forgive,

pleasures give up, but not in peace,

su ered chill winds, unbearable heat,

but without penitential spirit;

with every breath you thought of money,

night and day, but not of Shiva:

all the ascetic’s deeds you’ve done,

but their fruit escape you. 3178

513

Living is like death

for one sick or exiled

or dependent on others

for daily bed and board;

death for him is rest. 3184

514

We were cut down by sharp-edged swords

of insult, scorn and humiliation;

burnt and branded through and through

by erce ames of penury;

we even qua ed the venomous brew

of favours done by kinsmen; yet

we go on living. Is the god of death so fast asleep? 3179

515

The cold gives me goose pimples,

like hair upon a bean pod.

The re has gone out.

My lips are chapped with blowing,

and throat parched with sneezing.

I drown in a sea of worry.

Sleep left me like a lover scorned

and ed far away.

And night, like well-invested wealth,

goes on and on forever. 3181

MĀTRIGUPTA

516

When their money’s gone, the base

live as beggars, cheats and bandits;

for the good, whom family honour keeps

silent, there is no more life. 3182

KSHEMENDRA

517

For lack of money, every day

worrying over rice and oil,

greens, butter, salt and rewood,

dulls the minds of even the wise. 3188

518

A golden beast is just impossible,

yet Rama wanted such a deer;

often the mind turns contrary

when disaster is drawing near. 3189

519

No rice inside the pot,

the family faint and famished;

no lamp to burn at night;

all facilities plunged in darkness;

no well-wishers at the door,

the festivities suspended;

alas this house has turned

as painful as a prison. 3192

520

In my home the mouse has turned

as minuscule as a mosquitoe,

the cat has shrunk to mouse's size,

the dog is no more than a cat.

What to say of other people,

my wife is worn out, like a dog;

and, witness to the dying babies,

the oven hides in spider webs,

the cricket's hum its mournful cry. 3197

30. On Being a Servant

521

Hug a tiger with gaping jaws,

kiss a serpent's hissing mouth,

for men to serve kings is no better:

it is like licking a razor's edge. 3225

522

The master laughs, and so does he;

the master weeps, he wails aloud;

the master runs, he girds his waist

and sprints, sweating profusely;

the master censures some unblemished

merit, he condemns it:

the servant, bought for a bit of money,

dances to his master’s tune. 3232

DHARMAKIRTI

523

Your Majesty’s ears I lled

with words devoid of meaning;

you too did the same with me,

the words even more inane.

Thus we both have passed our time

deceiving one another.

My strength now fades, I am defeated,

you win, you are the king. 3234

KIŚORAKA

524

It’s always hard to nd a master,

forgiving and generous, who

respects and values merit;

to nd a loyal, honest, clever

servant, sir, is di cult too. 3228

ŚRI HARSHADEVA AND HIS SERVANT

525

The servant is deprived of both

his comfort and his dignity;

of that for which he money seeks,

he poorer tends to be. 3211

526

He does not care

if you’re stopped at the door;

takes no notice

when you manage to meet him;

blinks like an elephant

at your presentation;

pretends to agree

and, after you leave,

runs you down.

At the smallest fault

a very death,

if you serve such a master, what is wrong

with the ghouls of the desert? 3238

KSHEMENDRA

31. Cravings

527

Mounted on the chariot of desire,

drawn by steeds which are the senses,

all the world goes round and round,

urged on by craving, the charioteer. 3241

528

The face is covered with wrinkles,

the head has gone all grey,

the limbs are slack and feeble,

only cravings youthful stay. 3242

529

The teeth have gone, the hair turned grey, speech chokes, one falters on the way, but craving, like a faithful wife,

will not the ageing carcass leave—

though it is set to part with life. 3254

530

One with a hundred wants a thousand,

the thousand-owner to make a million,

the millionaire to be a king,

the king to be an emperor,

the emperor a god, and he the lord of heaven, and even then to have some still higher position— there is no end to craving.

3255–56

531

Craving is a crafty whore

who deludes everyone,

robbing helpless fools

of the wealth of peace.

With Kama, sly and crooked rogue,

and sparkling liquid sidelong glances

of false love, she is ever adept

in letting loose disaster. 3263

KSHEMENDRA

532

Love is like milk: it is boiled

and cream is taken out,

then it is churned to make butter

and boiled again for ghee.

Loving seems to get attached

to some kind of calamity. 3259

SUBHADRĀ

533

In many inaccessible lands

I knocked about, but gained nothing.

With anxious and tormented mind,

setting aside the family’s honour,

I spent my youth in fruitless work of servants, but to no avail.

O craving, what more do you wish,

for that too I am ready. 3262

534

Craving, like a wanton woman,

urges men to deeds forbidden

but shame protects them from all sins

like a second mother. 3245

535

O craving, you too crave to dwell

in three particular places—

in ailing people and the childless

and in those bowed down with age. 3248

32. Transience

536

Wealth is pleasing, it is true,

pretty girls delightful too,

but life, like sidelong looks and sly

of wanton women, just its by. 3266

537

Death is certain for the born.

Birth is certain for the dead.

Therefore you should not lament

for what is unavoidable. 3269

538

Those who wake to the sound of music
and sweet song, and orphans, who
on others for their food depend:
death takes equally the two. 3273

539

The rich man’s wealth is that alone
which he spends or gives away;
with the rest, when he is gone,
and with his wives, will others play. 3283

540

Drifting in the sea’s expanse,
as two logs will meet by chance,
and having met, will part perforce—
such is creatures’ intercourse. 3287

541

Death is certain for all creatures,
it’s certain life is transitory,
who indeed can know today
whose tomorrow’s dawn will be? 3284

542

Mortals, why are you afraid
of death? It will not spare
the fearful. Only the unborn
it does not take—so try
never to be born again. 3295

543

In childhood bound in ignorance,
drunk in youth with arrogance,
in old age all the limbs a icted—
when can one be really well? 3302

ŚRI BAKA

544

Today it is childhood,

soon the glory of youth,

then senescence. When the body

itself keeps changing,

how can one rely

on things outside it. 3304

VĀLMIKI MUNI

545

Enchanting girls, congenial friends,

good kinsmen, sweetly speaking servants, all facilities, horses, elephants:
but once your eyes are closed,

not a whit of this remains. 3318

ŚRI VIKRAMĀDITYA

546

‘I am here, this is my father,

this my mother, spouse and eld,

my family, children, friends and foes,

my wealth and house, my kin and siblings.’

On the bed which is this world,

long asleep in ignorance,

O mind deluded, you do see

many dreams like this. 3321

KRISHNA MIŚRA

547

Property is like waves on water,

youth lasts for two days, perhaps three, life its by like autumn clouds, what use is wealth? Do charity! 3316

548

Learned ones! Attend on God!

Cling not to painful scriptural study,

for in this and the other worlds

Shiva is the only saviour.

When death’s unceasing, dreadful danger

comes on you by fate’s decree,

what will you gain from grammar, logic

or even resort to poetry? 3322

ŚRIMAD RĀKJĀNAKA LAULAKA

549

In summer, ice and sandal paste,

Chinese silk and moonlight;

in winter, deerswool shawls, and girls

with sa ron-tinted breasts embraced;

at night the sound of utes, and songs

of courtesans, and in the day

ne assemblies: all of this

done for an ungrateful body.

It is handsome, but will it last? 3323

KSHEMENDRA

550

This treasure serves the fourfold ends,

it’s hard to get and lasts a moment,

now having it, if you do not

think about your real bene t,

who knows if you will ever have

this human form again. 3313

BODHISATTVA

551

Not one moment of this life

can be ever had again

even for a million sovereigns.

One who spends it to no purpose—

salute that beast in human form. 3307

33. Derision of Lust

552

Even the mighty ocean’s surge,

propelled by erce and violent winds,

it is possible to restrain—

but not the infatuated mind. 3333

ŚRI VYĀSA MUNI

553

If that which is within the body

were to be outside it,

people would be brandishing

sticks to ward o dogs and crows. 3334

554

The hunter Kama has spread out

the nets you here discern—

it’s only by their power

that hell res burn. 3337

555

It’s like a slit upon the bloated

belly of a frog turned upside down:

who but a maggot would be drawn to this slimy sore? 3341

556

This loathsome ulcer

soiled with faeces and sweat,

owing urine and blood,

has blinded all the world. 3342

557

Thinking about sense-objects

brings you close to them;

from closeness springs desire

which, thwarted, turns to anger.

From anger comes delusion,

confusing the memory;

memory’s loss destroys the mind,

and with that man is lost. 3344–45

VYĀSA MUNI

558

In this life, so full of pain,

there is no greater misery—

your longings cannot be ful lled,

nor are you from longings free. 3350

559

Desire is never stilled

by its satisfaction.

The sacred re burns more brightly

with every new oblation. 3352

560

Born, he takes away your wife,

growing, takes away your wealth,

in dying, takes away your life,

there is no enemy like the son. 3367

ŚRI VYĀSA MUNI

561

Their words are full of honey,

their hearts have only poison:

so, drink from the lips of women,

but press and squeeze their breasts. 3380

KĀLIDĀSA AND MĀGHA

562

A handsome young woman,

sitting or standing,

in sleep reclining,

the face turned away,

beautifully dressed

or not at all, when seen
by weak-minded men
will always attract them
even through she
is just in a picture. 3382
563
A scrawny cur,
one-eyed and lame,
with bitten ears
and tattered tail,
old and starving,
the foot stuck in a
a broken potsherd,
covered with sores
exuding pus
and slimy maggots:
yet this dog
pursues a bitch—
Kama maddens
even him. 3390

564

Even though they may endure for long,

sensual pleasures must inevitably fade away.

What di erence does it make if people

will not give them up willingly?

If they cease on their own, it grieves the heart immeasurably; but if they are renounced it gives one the in nite happiness of peace. 3386

JAYĀDITYA

34. Regrets

565

All my life has slipped away

just in nursing aspirations,

even now I have done nothing

by good men worth remembering. 3393

566

To pleasures, now farewell,

goodbye to talk of love,

alas, I am so very old,

those bright-eyed girls just look through me. 3395

567

My youth went by in a whirl

of bargains of beauty in markets of love; now wrinkles make a thousand patterns on the canvas of my body;

only the mind, discarding shame,

keeps ever growing young. 3397

568

We did not enjoy pleasures,

we were consumed by them;

we did not observe austerity,

it branded us instead;

time did not pass,

it is we who are passing;

cravings do not wear away,

only we are worn out. 3396

569

I never acquired learning,

well-honed and suitable

for silencing disputants.

I did not spread my fame

to the sky with the sword,

piercing heads of war-elephants.

Nor did I in moonlight drink

nectar from the tender lips

of a pretty girl.

Alas, my youth passed uselessly,

like a lamp burning

in an empty house. 3400

35. Aspiration

570

Lord, surrendering to you all

my works of body, mind and speech,

will I ever freedom gain

from contradictions and become

myself a part of you? 3402

571

Lord, when will I stand before you

with the lamp of understanding

which burns the wick of worldliness

steeped in the oil of sin? 3403

572

A holy rosary in my hands,

at my throat the sacred beads,

auspicious ash upon my body,

my hair a tawny matted coil,

a piece of bark around my shoulders:

thus may I live in tranquility

at a hermitage, beneath a tree.

What more? And may the name of Shambhu

in my ears forever be. 3411

573

Alone, at peace, of longings free,

my hands the cup, my clothes the sky,

able to renounce the world,

when will I, O Shambhu, be? 3404

574

The bliss unique of serving you,

is a tree-lled garden’s shade

for a wanderer in the desert;

a well of ice-cold water for

one eeing from a forest re;

nectar from a brew of poison,

and one’s self rescued from madness:

Shankara, when will I attain it

and overcome this separation? 3414

VĀKPATI, SON OF śRI HARSHADEVA

575

By the side of the river

which cleanses all sin,

with breezes blowing

and water at hand,

living in a hut

and wearing a rag,

I have no more relish

for this transient body. 3422

36. Miscellaneous Verses: 2

576

Maidens are no better than

poison for an aged man,

as food is poison for a person

who is su ering indigestion,

and the building of a house

for one as penniless as a mouse:

it is the same for learning, got

without having been truly taught. 3430

577

The man who eats

what he has earned

by his prowess and skill

truly eats,

for even dogs

eat what they get

by wagging their tails. 3432

578

Logic is inconclusive.

The scriptures di er.

There is no sage

whose word can be nal.

The root of dharma

is hidden and secret.

The way by which

the great have gone—

that is the path. 3437

DINNĀGA

579

Those driven by money
have no friend or kin;
by carnal lust,
no fear or shame;
by search of knowledge,
no sleep or comfort;
by pangs of hunger,
no grace or lustre. 3441

580

None torment the body
like pangs of hunger;
nothing sucks it dry
as does worry;
nothing ornaments it
more than learning;
and nothing nourishes it
like a livelihood. 3442

581

O mind, you are so restless!

You plunge into the nether world

and traverse the rmament,

wandering in all directions.

Yet, though you course through other regions and lands, you do not touch the self within,

where you would nd repose. 3447

ARGAṬA

582

Some act humble out of fear,

some out of greed

while seeking wealth,

others covet the fame of virtue.

No one in the world is good

purely out of goodness. 3449

CHANDRAGOPIN

583

It’s greed or conceit, fear or shame,

which makes men modest, generally;

the modesty of heart which comes

from detachment is a rarity. 3450

BHAṬṬA ŚRIDATTA

584

What is the use of empty talk?

There are always two recourses

for men in this world:

handsome young women

weighed down by their breasts

and ardent with passion—

their wildness, or the wilderness. 3453

BHAṬṬA UDBHAṬA

585

The moon turned pale in daylight;

a beautiful woman past her youth;

a lake bereft of lotus owers;

the handsome visage of a fool;

a skin int master; a good man out of luck; and a villain in royal favour: these seven rankle

like barbs in my heart. 3458

BHAṬṬA VRIDDHI

586

Who, on attaining a uence,

does not succumb to arrogance?

When given up to pleasures, who

can to troubles bid adieu?

Who has never jilted been

by women on this earthly scene?

Who escapes death’s fearful sting?

And who is the favourite of the king?

Which beggar ever gets respect?

Which man is there who can expect,

when fallen in a villain’s snare,

to go home safe, without a care? 3470

FROM *PANCHATANTRA*

587

We are here content with rags,

and you with your great a uence.

The satisfaction is the same, it has no special di erence.

Man becomes a pauper

when his hankerings increase;

no one is rich or penniless

when the mind is at peace. 3475

588

O Lord, in serving you,

there is no checking at the door,

no question of a proper time,

no indignity or fear of villains,

no feeling small or a failure.

Even so, in every way,

we still keep serving other men. 3482

MADHUSŪDANA

589

You’ve stopped eating, turned away

from all that the senses seek;

with eyes xed on your nose-tip

and mind immersed in concentration,

you are silent, as if the whole

world seems to you a void.

Tell me, friend, have you become

a yogini, or are you in love? 3485

37. Prayers

590

With almsgiving and pilgrimage,

penance and re ceremony,

whatever will a person do

who keeps within his heart the Lord,

Hari, abode of felicity. 3486

591

In illness, the Lord

is the remedy supreme,

in darkness, the lamp,

in quandaries, the pathway,

the guard in dangers,

in troubles, the friend,

and in the deep ocean

of sorrow, the ship. 3494

ŚRI VIKRAMĀDITYA

592

I always remember

the divine child sleeping

on a leaf of the g tree,

holding with his rosy hands

the rosebud of his little foot within the rose, his mouth. 3499

593

O Master, in your kindness

give ear to the pleas

of this wretch who has no entry

and weeps outside your door. 3501

ARCHITADEVA

594

No one is more a icted than I,

no one more merciful than you:

our coming together is well matched,

Lord, how can you not save me? 3503

595

If I am not a mighty sinner,

were I not deluged by fear

and cemented to the senses,

what need have I to seek refuge? 3505

BHAṬṬA SUNANDANA

596

As determined by my deeds,

in every form that I am born,

in each of them may my devotion

to you, Hrishikeśa, steadfast be. 3508

597

Lord, I did not think of you,

exalt and praise you, sing your deeds,

I did not worship you devoutly

even with a blade of grass;

yet I seek your sanctuary,

be merciful to me. 3514

BHĀGAVATA ŚANKHA

598

Even when the distinction

disappears, O Lord,

I am yours, you are not mine:

the wave is of the ocean,

not the ocean of the wave. 3520

ŚANKARĀCHĀRYA

599

By ignorance blinded, friendless,

possessed by demons of the senses,

cast by inner ogres into

the depths of dark delusion’s well,

home to all misfortunes, lost,

I weep and seek refuge in you,

do not abandon me, great god,

I am afraid, assure me. 3522

600

I am in distress, miserable

at all times, in every state,

I have surrendered to you, Lord, save me, who seeks your sanctuary. 3527

tt

The Poets

The poets to whom individual verses have been ascribed are listed below in alphabetical order, with brief details where available. As some of the listed names also gure in these details, they have been marked there with an asterisk for cross-reference.

The chronological and other details given in this list are sparse and not known with nality in many cases. In almost a quarter of them we know only the poet's name, which too would have been lost but for the ascription.

In several cases poets are named with titles or honori cs.

Though fully re ected in the translation, these have been left out from the list to facilitate reference. The most common honori c excluded here is bha a, a respectful term for a learned person. Others are muni, a sage; bhadantta, a Buddhist elder; rājaputra, a prince; and śrimad or śri, a pre x used with names of eminent people. The title rājānaka was used in ancient Kashmir for o cials of rank. Some others are explained in the endnotes.

Amaruka Reputed author of *Amarušataka*, the famous collection of love poems dated c. seventh century CE. The name is also spelt Amaru.

Amritadatta Contemporary of the Kashmiri potentate Shahabuddin, c. 1352. In some entries he is titled bhāgavata, which indicates a devotee of the god Vishnu.

Amritavardhana Has the title bhāgavata, but no other detail is available.

Ānandavardhana Leading poet and thinker under King Avantivarman of ninth-century CE Kashmir. Author of *Dhvanyāloka*, which proposes the doctrine of dhvani or suggestion in poetry.

Architadeva Some mss. give the name as Achintadeva, and the title bhāgavata, indicating a devotee of the god Vishnu.

There is no further information.

Argaṭa He is also cited in an eleventh-century commentary on the work of Rudraṭa,* but only the name is known.

Ārogya A Buddhist monk known only by name.

Aśvaghosha Buddhist philosopher and writer dated to the rst century CE. His major work is the biographical poem *Buddhacharita*.

Avantivarman King of Kashmir (855–84 CE).

Baka A poet contemporary of the fteenth-century Kashmiri king Zainu'l Abidin. Also mentioned in the continued *Rājataringini* of Śrivara.

Bāṇa Famous Sanskrit stylist. Court poet of King Harsha of seventhcentury CE Kannauj, and author of the royal biography *Harshacharita* and the novel *Kādambari*.

Bhallaṭa A poet contemporary of King Śamkaravarman of Kashmir (883–902 CE) and the author of a sataka or century of verse epigrams.

Bhāmaha Author of the eighth-century CE work from Kashmir on poetics *Kāvyālamkāra,* which is the earliest extant text on the subject after Bharata's *Nātyaśastra*.

Bhāravi Author of the epic poem *Kirātārjunīya*, dated to the sixthcentury CE Pallava empire. Lauded by later critics and cited, along with Kālidāsa,* in the 634 CE Aihole inscription.

Bhartrihari Reputed author of the well-known *Śatakatrayam*, the three centuries of verse epigrams on policy (*niti*), pleasure (*śringāra*) and renunciation (*vairāgya*). Sometimes identi ed with the c. sixth– seventh century CE

grammarian of the same name. A legend has him as the half-brother and predecessor of the celebrated king Vikramaditya of Ujjain.

Bhartrisvāmin Identi ed with the seventhcentury CE poet Bhṭṭi, whose epic poem *Rāvanavadha*, apart from retelling the *Rāmāyana* also illustrates the poetics of Bhāmaha.*

Translated into Javanese, this work helped spread the Rama story in South-East Asia.

Bhāsa Dramatist praised by famous later writers including Kālidāsa* and Bāna.* Dated usually to rst–second century CE. *Svapnavāsavadattā* is the best known of the plays ascribed to him.

Bhaśchu Sometimes identi ed with the names Bharchu and Bharvu, which occur in other anthologies.

Bhaṭṭārka Only the name is known.

Bījaka Only the name is known.

Bilhaṇa Author of *Vikramānkadeva Charita*, the history of a Chālukya king of Kalyāṇa in Karnataka, and *Chaurapanchaśikā*, a collection of love poems. Placed in eleventh–twelfth century Kashmir.

Bodhaka Only the name is known.

Bodhisattva Only the name is known.

Brahmayaśasvāmi Only the name is known.

Chandaka Also written as ‘Chandraka’. He is mentioned by the writers Kshemendra* and Kalhaṇa,* so would have lived before the eleventh century.

Chandragopin Identi ed with a grammarian of this name.

Chiāka Only the name is known.

Chūlitaka Only the name is known.

Dāmodaragupta Minister of the eighth-century CE king Jayāpīda of Kashmir and author of *Kuttanīmata*, a novel in verse about the life of courtesans.

Dhairyamitra Only the name is known.

Dharmakīrti Celebrated Buddhist philosopher-logician dated to the seventh century CE.

Dhīranāga Author of the play *Kundamālā*. The name is also spelt Vīranāga or Dinnāga in some mss.

Dinnāga Eminent Buddhist philosopher, epistemologist and author, usually placed in fth-century CE Kalinga (modern Orissa).

Dīpaka Author of the romance *Vinayavati*. Quoted in various anthologies.

Diviradevāditya Also mentioned as Devāditya in some mss, but only the name is known.

Govindarāja Only the name is known.

Govindasvāmi His name features in other anthologies too.

In one he is shown as the joint author of a verse with Vikatanitambā.*

Harigaṇa Only the name is known.

Harsha There are two poets of this name: (1) King Harsha of Kannauj (606–46 CE), author of the plays *Ratnāvali*, *Nāgānanda* and *Priyadarśikā*, and patron of Bāṇa* and other poets. Some of his verses are sourced in the endnotes. (2) The twelfth-century author of the epic *Naishadhīya Charita*.

Harshadatta Only the name is known.

Indulekhā Only the name of this poetess is known.

Īśvaravarman Only the name is known.

Jalhaṇa Kashmiri poet, author of *Somapālavilāsa*. Was an o cial at Rājapuri, identi ed with modern Rajauri.

Janārdana Only the name is known.

Jayāditya Joint author with Vāmana of the well-known grammatical treatise *Kāśikā Vritti*.

Jayamādhava A poet only known through some anthologies.

Jayavardhana This poet gures in several anthologies, one of which describes him as a Kashmiri.

Jīvaka Only the name is known.

Kalhaṇa Author of *Rājataringini*, the celebrated verse history of Kashmir, where he lived in the twelfth century.

Kālidāsa Outstanding poet and dramatist of classical Sanskrit. Often placed at the imperial Gupta court c. fth century CE. His verses are sourced in the endnotes.

Kallaṭa Author of *Spandasarvasva*, a commentary on the work of his teacher Vasugupta, the Shaiva philosopher.

Mentioned by Kalhaṇa* among scholar contemporaries of King Avantivarman in ninth-century CE Kashmir.

Kamalāyudha A teacher of the better-known Vākpatirāja*

who praises him as such in his poetic work of the seventh century CE, *Gaudavaho*.

Kaviputras Two poets who wrote under a joint name.

Perhaps the subjects of a laudatory reference in Kālidāsa's *Mālavikāgnimitra*.

Kayyaṭa There are two Kashmiri writers with this name: (1) The author of a well-known treatise on grammar, *Bhāshyapradīpa*, dated to c. ninth century CE; (2) A tenth-century commentator on the *Devišataka* of Ānandavardhana,*

who was also the grandson of Vallabhadeva,* (but not the anthologist).

Kišoraka Also quoted in other anthologies, but only the name is known.

Krishna Miśra Author of the twelfth-century play *Prabodhachandrodaya*.

Kshemendra Well-known poet, critic and polymath from eleventh-century Kashmir. Some of his verses are sourced in the endnotes.

Kumāra It has been suggested that this is the same as the blind poet Kumāradāsa, author of the seventhcentury CE

epic poem *Jānakiharaṇa,* much lauded by later critics.

Laulaka Sometimes identi ed as the grandfather of Jonarāja, a contemporary of King Zainu'l Abidin of Kashmir and author of the historical work *Rājāvali*.

Madhusūdana Only the name is known.

Māgha Author of the sixth–seventh century CE epic poem *Śišupālavadha,* much praised by later critics.

Mahāmanushya A poet cited in some anthologies, in one of which he is described as from Kashmir.

Mangalavatsa Only the name is known.

Mātanga Divākara Poet at the court of King Harsha of seventhcentury CE Kannauj. Cited by the later critic Rājaśekhara* as a peer of Bāṇa.*

Mātrigupta A poet in Kashmir, mentioned by Kalhaṇa* and quoted by Kshemendra.*

Mātrisheṇa Only the name is known.

Maya Only the name is known.

Mayūra Father-in-law of Bāṇa,* and author of the poem *Sūryaśataka*.

Morikā A poetess known only from some anthologies.

Muktāpīḍ King of Kashmir c. 594 CE.

Muktikoshthaka Only the name is known.

Nagnajita The same name is mentioned by the astronomer Varāhamihira as an authority on statuary.

Nārāyaṇa Author of the celebrated seventhcentury CE epic poem *Veṇīsamhāra*.

Narendra Only the name is known.

Nidrādaridra He is also cited in other anthologies, but nothing is known beyond the name.

Paribhūta Only the name is known.

Parpaṭi Only the name is known.

Phalguhastini This poetess is known only by name through two entries in the anthology.

Prabhākarananda Only the name is known.

Prakāśadatta Nothing known beyond the name.

Prakāśavarsha Has twenty-seven entries in the full anthology, but little is known about him. The c. ninth-century commentator Vallabhadeva* mentions him as his teacher, and he also features in other anthologies.

Pulina Only the name is known.

Puṇya Nothing known beyond the name.

Rāhulaka A poet also quoted in other anthologies, but only the name is known.

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Rājaśekhara Well-known critic, poet and dramatist from tenth-century Kannauj, often quoted in anthologies. Author of the plays *KarpūramanjarĪ* and *Viddhasālabhanjikā*, the verse *Bālarāmāyana*, and *Kāvya Mimāmsā*, a treatise on poetics.

Randānanda Only the name is known.

Ratnabhūti Only the name is known.

Ratnamitra Only the name is known.

Ravidatta A poet quoted in several anthologies, but only the name is known.

Ravigupta Buddhist philosopher of eighth century CE, quoted in >various anthologies. Author of *Chandraprabhā-vijaya Kāvya* and other works.

Rudraṭa Author of a treatise on poetics, *Kāvyālamkāra*, dated c. tenth century. Not to be confused with Bhāmaha.*

Śankarāchārya The great Vedanta philosopher usually dated to the eighth century CE, and author of some well-known devotional poetry.

Śankha Only the name is known. The title indicates a devotee of the god Vishnu.

Śankuka Mentioned in *Rājataringini* of Kalhaṇa* as the author of an epic poem, *Bhuvanābhyudaya*, and contemporary of King Ajitapī a of Kashmir (c. 813 CE).

Śaśivardhana Perhaps an associate of King Kalaśaka of Kashmir (1080–88 CE). One verse in the present anthology is ascribed jointly to both.

Śilā Bhattārikā Ninth-century CE poetess known only through anthologies.

Śridatta Only the name is known.

Subhadrā A poetess lauded by Rajaśekhara* in another anthology.

Śūdraka Author of the play *Mricchakaṭika*, well known in English translation as *The Little Clay Cart*. Dated to c. second-third century CE.

Śuga The titles indicate a high o cial, of whom only the name is known.

Sunandana Only the name is known.

Sūra Well-known Buddhist poet of c. fourth century CE.

Author of the *Jātakamālā*, which was later translated into Chinese and Tibetan. Also known as ārya Śūra.

Śuravarman Only the name is known.

Tathāgatendra Simha Only the name is known.

Trivikrama Author of the prose–verse narrative *Nalachampu*, also quoted by Kshemendra.*

Uchyamānānanda Only the name is known.

Udaya Only the name is known from the single entry in the anthology. The title upādhyāya indicates a teacher.

Udbhaṭa Poet and critic at the court of King Jayapīḍ of Kashmir (779–813 CE). Author of *Kāvyālamkāra Samgraha*, a treatise on poetics.

Vākpati Author of the Prakrit epic *Gaudavaho*, but the reference here to being the son of Harsha makes the identi cation problematic.

Vallabhadeva There are two writers with this name from Kashmir: a ninth-century CE commentator on the *Siśupālavadha* of Māgha,* and the fteenth-century compiler of the present anthology. The latter has shown twenty-two entries under this name.

Vālmiki Known in tradition as the ādi kavi or the rst poet, and the author of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. This epic poem is ascribed to 400–200 BCE.

Varāhamihira Well-known sixthcentury CE astronomer, whose verses are also quoted in anthologies.

Vararuchi A poet and grammarian cited in some anthologies as the author of *Kanthābharaṇam.*

Vibhūtibala The name alone is known from a single entry in the anthology.

Vidyādhipati This name has been identi ed as a title of Ratnākara, a poet at the court of King Avantivarman of Kashmir (855–84 CE), and the author of the epic *Haravijaya*, who is mentioned in *Rājataringini* of Kahaṇa.*

Vijjākā Sanskrit poetess known only from various anthologies. References in her verses place her between 650

and 850 CE. Also known as Vidyā.

Vikaṭanitambā Ninth-century CE poetess, acclaimed by the later critic Rajaśekhara.*

Vikramāditya Possibly associated with the better-known Kashmiri poet Mentha, with whom he is shown as the co-author of some verses in other anthologies. Mentioned in *Rājataringini* of Kalhaṇa.

Viśākhadeva Identi ed with Viśākhadatta, author of the c.

eighth-century CE play *Mudrārākshasa*.

Viṭa Vritta The name alone is known from a single entry in the anthology.

Vriddhi Also mentioned as Śaka Vriddhi, which may be an indicator of his ethnic background.

Vrishnigupta Only the name is known.

Vyāghragaṇa Only the name is known.

Vyāsa The traditional author of the *Mahābhārata*. The kernel of this long epic poem is believed to have been composed c.

fth century BCE.

Notes

Introduction

1 Among the better known are *Subhāshitaratnakosha* of Vidyākara (Bengal, c. eleventh century); *Saduktikarṇāmrita* of *Śridharadāsa* (Bengal, 1205); *Sūktimuktāvali* of Jalhaṇa (Deccan, 1258); and *Paddhati* of *Śārṇgadhara* (Rajasthan, 1363), apart from the work discussed here. A modern compilation in the same tradition is *Subhāshita-ratnabhāndāgāra* of N.R. Acharya (Mumbai, 1952).

Only the rst mentioned of these anthologies has an English translation (by D.H.H. Ingalls, Harvard Oriental Series, vol. 44).

2 The best known of these are the *Śatakas* of Bhartrihari and Amaruka, both perhaps c. seventh century. The rst has the themes of *niti* (policy), *Śringāra* (pleasure) and *vairāgya* (renunciation), while the second has only erotic poems. *Padyāvali* of Rupa Gosvāmin, sixteenth century, is a collection of devotional verses.

3 See 1 above. A fuller list of both types is given in S. Bhattacharjis article on anthologies in *Glimpses of Sanskrit Literature*, ed. A.N.D.

Haksar, New Delhi, 1995.

4 M. Winternitz, *History of Indian Literature*, vol. 3, tr. S. Jha, Delhi, 1963; A.B. Keith, *A History of Sanskrit Literature*, Oxford University Press, 1920. Hereafter referred to as Winternitz and Keith.

5 Winternitz.

6 P. Peterson, notes to his edition of *Subhāshitāvali*, mentioned in the Introduction.

7 Winternitz. Keith. A.K. Warder, *Indian Kāvya Literature*, vols. 2–7, Delhi 1990–2004. J. Brough, *Poems from the Sanskrit*, London, 1968.

8 For example v. 1253 in the original, the rst line of which reads in Sanskrit: *sa me samāsamo māso sā me māsasamā samā*. This describes the

lovers feelings when the beloved is absent or present. An English rendering would be a month is like a year for me, a year is like a month, but the impact, which derives from the alliterative use of only two consonants in the line, in words meaning month (*māsa*) and year (*samā*), is lost in translation.

9 D.H.H. Ingalls, *Sanskrit Poetry*, Harvard University Press, 1965.

10 *Subhāshitaratnakosha*, ed. D.D. Kosambi and V.V. Gokhale, Harvard Oriental Series, vol. 42, Harvard University Press, 1957.

Anthology

Several deities from the Hindu pantheon are mentioned in the verses. Sharada is another name for Sarasvati, goddess of learning, speech and the arts, with an important shrine in Kashmir. The trinity of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, the great gods associated with creation, preservation and dissolution, is well known. The second, also called Hari, is invoked in his various incarnations, notably as Krishna, whose childhood with his foster-mother Yashodā, was extolled with deep devotion. The other incarnations of Vishnu described here are as the divine boar, who recued the earth from the deluge, and the great tortoise, on whose back was placed the mountain used by the gods and the demons to churn the ocean of milk. Lakshmi, the goddess of prosperity, is Vishnus consort and rests with him on a serpent couch in the ocean.

Shiva is often addressed here as Shambhu, giver of peace and happiness. Guha, here depicted as an artless infant, is his son. So is Ganapati, the elephant-headed god who removes obstacles. Indra or Shakra is the king of heaven.

Manmatha and Madana are other names for Kama, god of love and symbol of desire. HrishikeŚa is an epithet of Vishnu and Krishna.

Many of the notes on the numbered individual verses refer to their sources as known to present scholarship. Those occuring more frequently in this selection are indicated by abbreviations, shown within brackets as follows.

Amaruśataka (A); Bhartriharis *Nīti, Śringāra* and *Vairāgya Śatakatrayam* (B); *Hitopadeśa* (H); *Kirātārjunīya* of *Bhāravi* (K); *Mahābhārata* (M); *Panchatantra* (P); *Rāmāyana* (R); and *Siśupālavadha* of Māgha (S).

The opening verse of B *Śatakatrayam.*

Also vv. 19 and 20. See general note above for the boar incarnation.

The opening verse of *Harshacharita* by Bāṇa, court poet of King Harsha.

This commemorative verse refers to the preceding v. 15.

Nothing is known about the person or the work named.

A popular description of Krishna as a little boy, from *Krishnakarṇāmrita* by Lilāshuka Bilvamangala, c. eleventh century.

The boy Krishna lifted up a hill to protect the cattle from the rain.

See v. 24.

From *Bhāgavata Purāṇa,* XII. 13.2. See general note above for the tortoise incarnation.

From Nalachampu, 1.5, of Trivikrama Bhaṭṭa.

The verse occurs in *Kāvyamīmāmsā* of RājaŚekhara.

cf. note 7.

H, 1. 134. Vv. 47, 49, 52 are also from the same source.

From the poets *Jātakamālā,* 11.18 54 B, *Nīti*. 74, with minor variation.

From *Śabdakalpadruma* of Udbhaṭa.

From *Deśopadeśa,* 1.17, of Kshemendra.

Rājataringini, 3.309.

B, *Nīti*. 3.

K, 14.24.

B, Nīti. 5.

P, 2.33. The sages named are well known in the history of Indian thought.

Also found with slight changes in P, 5.38; H, 1.71; and *Chanakya Nitiśāstra*, 1.69. The last line still remains a popular saying.

B, *Nīti*. 24, and H, P. 14.

H, 1.176.

Nāgānanda, IV. 51.

B, *Nīti*.72.

This is the thorny desert plant *Capparis aphylla*.

Shami is the plant *Mimosa suma* whose hardwood was used to kindle ritual res.

The ruler Shahabuddin is dated c. 1352 CE by Peterson.

H, 2.19.

B, *Nīti*. 23.

Line 2 gives the literal meaning of khadyota, the Sanskrit word for re y.

See note to 108.

P, 3.46.

The sandalwood trees fragrance was traditionally supposed to attract snakes. Khadira is the thorny hardwood tree Acacia catechu.

A, 163.

A, 43.

A, 15.

A, 70.

The rst two lines of the original are the same as R, Yuddha. 5.6.

R, Yuddha. 5. 10 with minor variation.

From *Hanumannātaka* (5.25), a c. ninth-century CE play by Dāmodara Miśra.

R. Yuddha. 5.13, with minor variation.

Nāgānanda, I.

B, *Śringāra*. 42.

B, *Śringāra*. 54.

The poets *Abhijnānaśākuntala*, III. 22.

Chaurapanchaśikā, 12.

Abhijnānaśākuntala, II. 10.

Ascribed to the poetess Mārulā in the anthology *Sūktimuktāvali*, cf.

note 1 to the Introduction.

A, 4.

192 A, 56.

K, 9.43.

The eyes are compared to indīvara, the blue lily. Also in v. 213.

A, 146.

A, 18.

A, 39.

Ascribed to Kumāradāsa in the anthology *Śārṇgadhara Paddhati*, cf.

note 1 to the Introduction. But also at A, 57.

A, 69.

Naishadhīya-charita, 3.163 of Harsha.

The poets *Ritusamhāra* 6. 20.

Ritusamhāra, 1.13. The snake and the peacock are mortal enemies in tradition.

Mrichhakaṭika of Śūdraka, V. 16.

ibid. V. 14.

B, *Śringāra*. 92.

R, *Kishkindhā*. 30.58.

Vikramānkadevacharita, 16.14.

The poets *Kumārasambhava*, 8.57.

Ratnāvali, III. 6.

Haravijaya, 19.5 of Ratnākara.

Kumārasambhava, 8.63.

An example of verse-capping. The rst two lines are a statement by the lover and the rest a repartee by his inamorata. In tradition Bilhana loved a

princess, and though the verse is ascribed to both, it is not found in the poets work.

Nalachampu, 7.31.

A, 71. A well-known verse.

S, 10. 28.

S, 7.61.

RaghuvamŚa, 16.65 of Kālidāsa. *Nāgānanda*, III. 35.

Kāvyālamkāra, 7. 71.

K, 9.50.

Almost the same as A, 23.

Bhaṭṭikāvya (Rāvaṇavadha), 9.21 318 A, 101.

S. 11.

Viddhaśālabhanjika, I. 12.

Almost the same as A, 16.

Āruka is identi ed in Monier-Williams Sanskrit–English dictionary as the fruit of a Himalayan plant (peach?) and Kīna as people in Kashmir. The turasi plant is unidenti ed.

By Rajaśekhara. Verse I. 48. It addresses the legendary supports of the earth and refers to Ramas feat of breaking Shivas bow.

S, 2.46.

K, 11. 61.

Kalāvilāsa, 9.6, of Kshemendra.

Narmamala, 3.33, of Kshemendra.

Samaya Mātrikā, 4.23, of Kshemendra.

The satiric reference is to the ritual con rmation of a fee or gift by the donor pouring water on the hand of the recipient.

From the poets *Kuṭṭanimate,* 399.

ibid. 822.

The title cited is bhaṭṭa. The possible implication is that its priestly bearer has twice the negative qualities of the others like the rustic *etc.* mentioned in the verse, and also frequents prostitutes.

The last item refers to the subhāshita verse, highly prized and sometimes plagiarized.

The poets title means goldsmith, perhaps a professional indication.

V. 2364 also occurs in *Kalāvitasa,* 8.11, by Kshemendra.

See general note. The allusion is to the churning of the milky ocean, made possible by the god Vishnu, here called Krishna. Baka has over twenty citations and was perhaps the anthologists near-contemporary. The verse refers to Sultan Zainul Abidin and helps to date the work.

This and v. 431 are taken from *Rājendrakarṇapūra*, an eulogy of the eleventh-century Kashmiri king Harshadeva by Śambhu.

M, *Udyoga*. 39.64.

M, *Śānti*. 140.23.

H, P.29. The thought is countered in v. 448.

M, Adi. 88.12.

H, 1.210.

H, P. 30.

M, *Śānti*. 140.24.

H, P. 17.

M, Adi. 140.82. H, 4.12.

M, *Sānti*. 8.19. H, 1.124.

Manusmriti, 4.119.

P, 4.10.

M, *Udyoga*. 35.56-57.

M, *Udyoga*. 36.30 478 P, 4.28.

Prabodhachandrodaya, II.1 of Krishna Miśra.

M, *Śānti*. 181.16.

M, *Śānti*. 331.41

B, *Nīti*. 84, with slight change.

B, *Vairāgya*. 97.

B, *Nīti*. 82.

H, 2.83.

P, 5.65.

Also quoted in *Rājataringini* of Kalhaṇa as from this author.

In *Rāmāyana* the hero Ramas wife was abducted while he had gone hunting for the golden deer.

Another example of statement and repartee, as in v. 271.

The poets *Sevyasevakopadeśa*, v.54.

Ascribed to Vyāsa in *Auchitya Vichāra Charchā* of Kshemendra.

The same as *Bhagavadgītā* 2.27 except for one word.

H, 1.165.

M, Śānti. 184.15. H, 4.74.

Prabodhachandrodaya, I.29.

Bhagavadgītā, 2.61-62.

M, Adi. 75.50.

The ascription is wishful as the two poets lived at di erent times.

The verse is found at B, *Śringāra*. 51.

B, *Śringāra*. 78, with slight change. Also ascribed in *Auchitya Vichāra Charchā* of Kshemendra to Chandaka.

B, *Vairāgya*. 12. *Vikramacharita*, J.R. 16.3. The ascription seems incorrect.

B, *Vairagya*. 7.

Ibid. 46.

Ibid. 89.

M, *Vana*. 117. The ascription seems incorrect.

Also at B, *Śringāra*. 39.

Also at B, *Nīti*. 45.

P, 1.111. H, 1.146.

The rendition of some verses sourced to H is taken from the translators translation of *The HitopadeŚa* of Nārāyaṇa (Penguin India, 1998).

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